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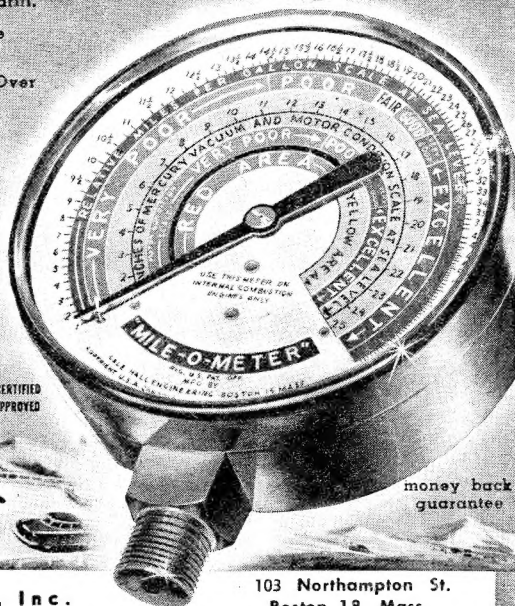


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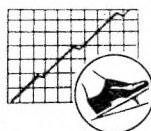
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3. **YOU** can check your engine condition at all times, and if it is not operating efficiently, Mile-O-Meter will tell you how to correct the condition.



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OF BEATING ME!

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HER SHOUTS DROWNED BY THE RAGING
WATER, KAY STEVENS THROWS A LIFELINE
TO ATTRACT THE YOUNG FISHERMAN'S
ATTENTION, BUT THEN...

WE'D BETTER
GET ASHORE
FAST. IT'LL
BE DARK
SOON

IT'S MY BROTHER! YOU'VE GOT TO
MAKE OUR WAY BACK! SUNSET'S
LITTLE CONSTANT BLEED ONLY AN HOUR
UPSTRE AND OFF! BACK
GET MY CAR

JUST A
STRAIN, I
GUESS, BUT
I CAN'T
WALK

...AND
CAN'T
CARRY
HIM



25¢

ADVANCE SCIENCE FICTION

SUPER STORIES

—LIVE IT TOMORROW!

READ IT TODAY

AUGUST, 1951

NO. 3

VOL. 8

THE FUTURE

NOVELETTES OF THE

..... **OUTPOST ZERO**

... and the rest of the galaxy of death they bore, for themselves
's Earth . . . or face final oblivion, hours left to rebuild tomorrow
alone between the stars!

TTES

TWO NOVELE

..... **WHEN EARTH IS OLD**

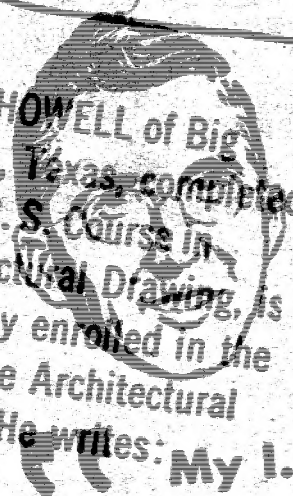
... a mist-covered past, onto the Earth at last, three humans from
they could unwind mankind's final need of them . . . unless
shroud. . . .

..... **THE STAR KILLERS**

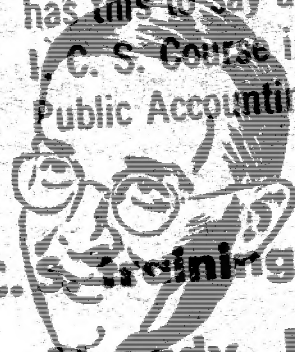
... geless stars. . . . Long after Man had fought among ag
d its dread challenge on an invisible one his last strange son answered
world of flaming terror!

Two Testimonials of the

H. A. HOWELL of Big Spring, Texas, completed the I. C. S. Course in Architectural Drawing, is currently enrolled in the Complete Architectural Course. He writes:



J. R. TODD of Crane, Texas, has this to say about his I. C. S. Course in Certified Public Accounting:



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Few investments pay you as well as the time and money you spend preparing yourself for

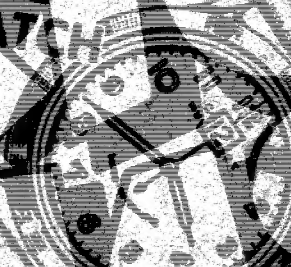
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minute in tiny WINDOW.
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case. Unbreakable crystal. Sweep
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terrific value!
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CASE

MAZIN
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ROSE"

Place near
bow — see col
changes in
magic; RED a
leaded indicate
rain, blue —
storms
rainy; PURPLE
changes coming;
mazes every-
thing! Beautiful
Corative Flow.
not given. See
also

BIG HEAD

Amazons coming!
on! Beautiful.
decorative. Flow.
of. Not given. and
heavy. hosted.

STORIES

SUPER SCIENCE

y. This issue (Continued from excellent
cles by Franklin M. Davis, and Russell 496, Kings
tkins Park, La., long Yetter column. The
erial is Super Science's format seen its 5th
neoin British Edition, would suggest that
er can be No. 12 laying out series and contains
e and cover, all illustrations and attention be
ained American September 1950 issue 64 pages.
hly recommended edges and sells for 1/6 sug-

t you try at the same time Super Science's sister
magazine, had it's second British Edition
ANT No. 5, published by Walter A.
llis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Bel-
1949 issue reprinted in England, and
, North Ireland. Price: two issues for
marked number 1, of a new series. It also
current sci pro-mag (like Super Sci-
contains 64 pages, trimmed edges, but sells
e) or 25¢. To British fans, 1/6 for two
for 9d.

ues. One of the finest amateur fiction
Challenge, the semi-pro fantasy poetry
gazines currently published. Good sci
magazine saw its 4th and last issue this
ries with excellent illustrations, some
month. This 16 page, poorly mimeographed
two colors, plus articles and reviews, 46
ian mag printed some of the best fantasy
nted pages. A must for all fans and
poems seen. The present day high cost of
ders of science-fiction.
printing forced it to fold. All is not lost,
though, as the magazine will combine with

ORLDS APART, No. 1, published in-

cop
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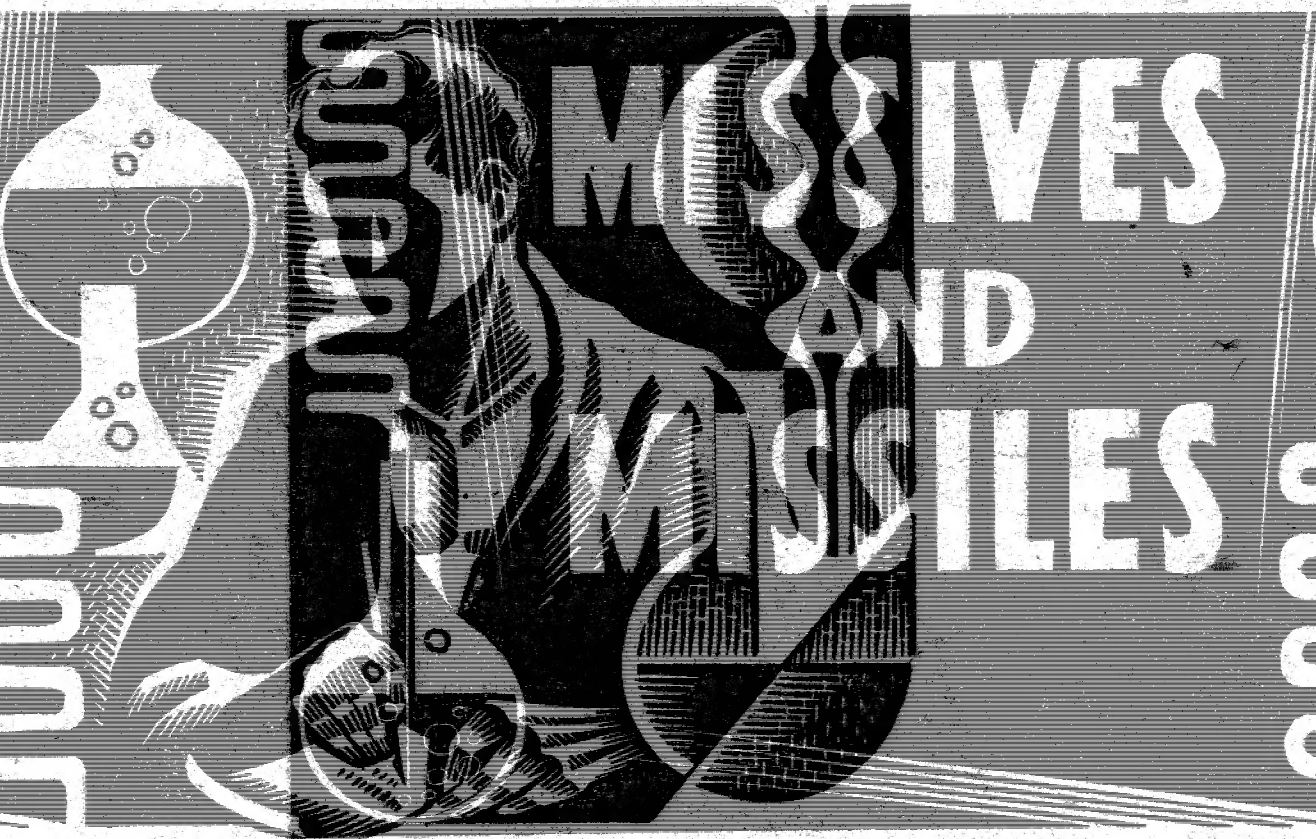
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completi



the Letter Editor,
Fictioneers, Inc.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Address comments to
Super Science Stories,
205 E. 42nd St., New

There's one spot where we've got
to believe must be answered before any intelli-
gent criticism can be made of science-fiction.
The question is "What is science-fiction?"
It is probable that very few of us, if any,
have ever thought to consider this question,
no doubt my own preoccupation with it is
due largely to my being enrolled in a survey
course in philosophy here at Washington and
Jefferson College. Still, brilliant whose logic
this question must be answered before the
your end of the deal: we'll ask it—What's

MEN! take orders for famous! WOMEN! GUARANTEED NYLONS

Look at these Exceptional FIRST WEEK EARNINGS

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the BIG MONEY that is possible in this business starting the very first week.

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**ONLY YOUR
SPARE
TIME
NEEDED**



Stf I want. So before I go into a critique (page 10)
the April issue, I'd like to say THE UNFINISHED
kind. If any serious man suggested the reasonable evolution that
to obtain any science-fiction, then let him (or
her) drop me a The evolution letter and all life on a planet
to it that he (she) got something to read, meteorologic
no cost to the history of the planet, and since the chemical

Now I shall composition and physical characteristics of
to separate planets wandering widely, though there is no foundation
emerge with for the sake of comments on the will develop
April SSS. . in the same form on many planets. CHILD-

The best in this issue THE GREEN LIGHT- escapes such
MENSION, Mulikin's little wonder. The concept that no
cept was hardly the newest, but his fresh of these three
theory can be found in it. Of treatment helped stories, the first two are better science-

Next comes the reprint, Brackett's CHILD
OF THE GREEN LIGHT. This is neither good sci-
ence-fiction nor good fantasy, although it
a gem and well worth the revival.

The rest of the stories, in order of my
mediat classification, are THE DEATH STAR
liking, were fiction is not like science, whether valid or
Good writing. Almost took second place, but

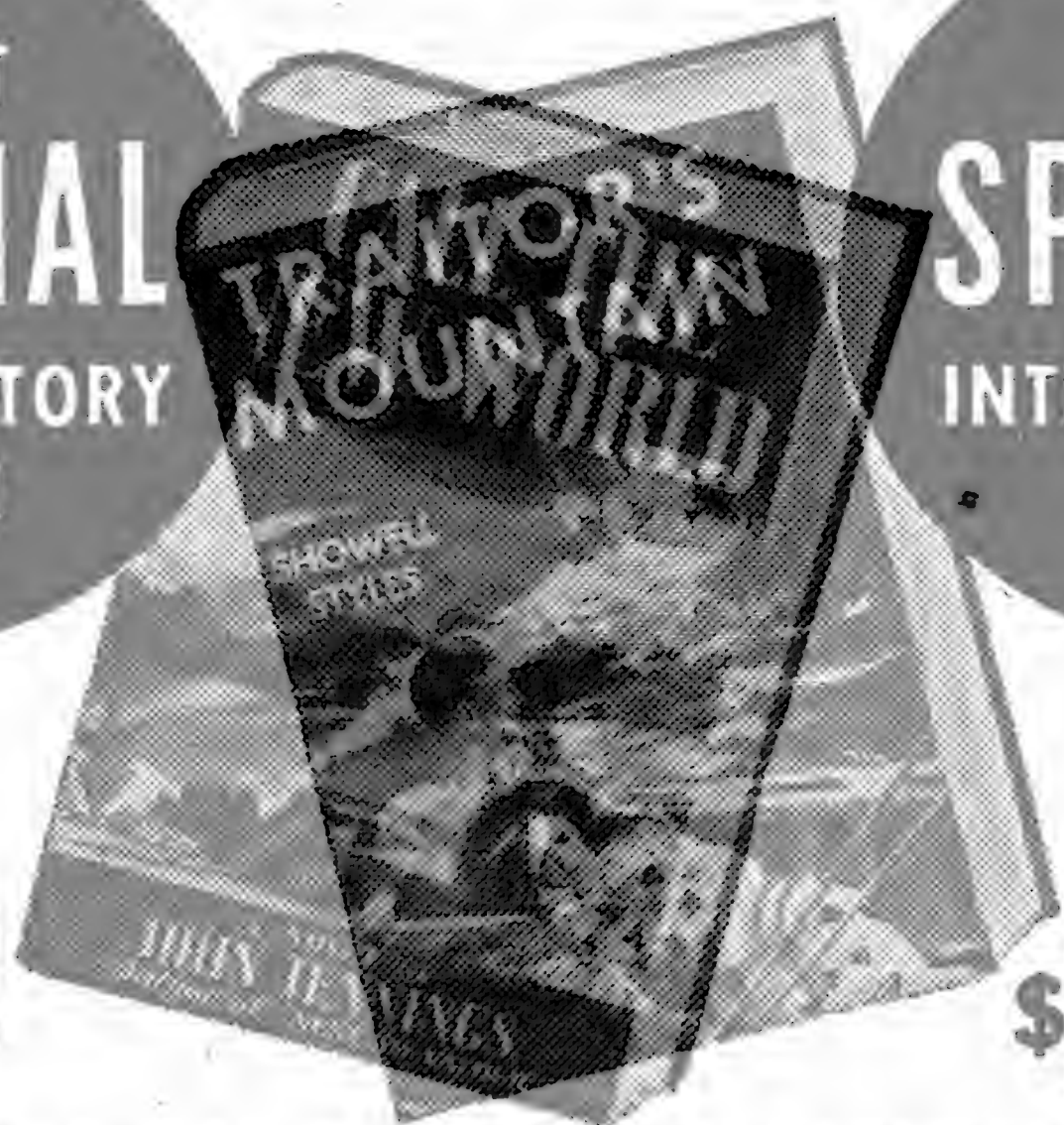
who is Holden? Although none of the stories were out-
ETERNAL, EARTHLING. This smacks
standing or rather, because no story was
just a bit of outstanding, but not with his ab-
stract approach. Pretty fair reading, though

HIGH FLIGHT and THE UNFINISHED
is unusual. The editors of SUPER SCI-
ISHED were also good reading, although
they were nothing exceptional.

There was only one story in this issue that claim to be
would be better described by the author's
own words in this issue. It has attained the first step
incense rising from butters by an ally to
the Four Kings that "Siva lakshmi" is But really
Finlay illo to this story was one of the best
I've seen of his work lately. elements to make this maga-

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CALL THE TRAITOR'S MOUNTAIN by Howell Styles
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Cashiered, London, during the "Hitler" era, and the Mediter-
the War of 1914-18, the first mountain story of North Wales
and General Sir John Dill, the first of the recent
Canning, Peter Brooke saw the raw New World come

Heinlein's LOST LEGION (Covered by Bradbury, 12)
 OF THE SEA and THE HALFLING
 THE CRYSTAL CIRCE, NIGHT OF
 GODS, WE GUARD THE BLACK (Vigodsky—over
 PLANET, there, wearing this month's SSS cover,
 IMPROBABILITY and READER, I
 HATE YOU, all by Rutner, PENDULUM
 by Bradbury and Hasse, THE DARKER
 LIGHT and THE PERSECUTORS by
 Cartmill, anything more by Asimov, and a
 story about periodic volcanic eruptions on
 Venus (I forget the title and author, but it
 was a novelette, which I think appeared in
 the same issue as NIGHT OF GODS and
 which I am almost sure was illustrated by
 Paul.)

Comments on the new issue. I enjoy read-
 ing it today, but I'd hate to live it tomorrow.
 Pipe-dreams come true sometimes, too.
 As for the current issue,
 I. ETERNAL EARTHFLING by Walter
 Kubilius. One flaw in this story: Why that
 last sentence? Why should escaped speci-

About illustrations: I'd like to see, by
 Bok, Finlay, Jim Paul, Van Dongen, Paul
 Morey, Finlay, and very occasionally Law.
 Interior should be by Finlay themselves on their
 range, Savage, Bok, Van Dongen, Stuart,
 Fawcette, Finlay, and very occasionally Paul. Frank Belk-
 In addition to the Longists, I'm surprised I don't know
 like to see Nappi (interiors), Cartier (cov-
 ers and interiors), Miller (both), Orban
 (both), Timmins, Timmins, Timmins and Tim-
 mins Timmins (both), Schneeman (both), story second.
 John Grossman (interiors), Sibley (covers), the surprise
 Bunch (interiors), Bonstall (covers), Karl
 Rogers (interiors), Don Hunter (covers),
 Pierre (interiors). That will give you an
 idea.

humans as "embryonic" should have given
 After seeing the show, they should be wondering to what

THE GREATEST
POWER ON
EARTH!



agic of *Minel* Ma

By

JAMES MacINTOSH

OUTPOST

ZERO

, for themselves and the rest of death they bore.
ours left to rebuild the galaxy's. . with mere h
ivion, alone between Earth stars & face final obl



incredible horror, could Soutney set what would his whole
be too busy with other things to do, still—they would
end it unblame him before the end, and their lives.
Esther and Marjory might have chosen one long course
to settle down and have free life before, but he
they were have taken the final risk of a new
had time for that and as a result they would die. Be-
Oh, yes, side him was also Billie Soutney, the boastful
thirty-four, Captain, Winter, who would divide
only one, Billie wanted to choose between raising futile
The girls disappeared into Esther's cabin, survival and
and Winter staring hungrily at the and went
into the control room. He passed a cigarette to
and threw on the last of Soutney and Souness.
As they stared the girls, Esther and Marjory, were
“We could call the colonists as a whole and gone out to
till never get the right to work” for a rich, but
And we could really, they had discovered, to live in
ing to worry about waiting for a of miles from civiliza-
“I’ll find it in a day or two,” said Soutney. They had prob-
tubbornly. ably relied on their beauty to help them,
“Don’t let any one bring what they wanted.
observed Winter, who were it was a sad, unambitious,
We’ve been waiting for the black moss’ though in the

hurt.” “On Earth,” said Winter carefully, “you

pain. She ~~must~~ know You could do it the safe way—

You can still gove the Easta bridge, but after round Aus-
another hour it's as well to sit down of Yogh of land.

asked tensely the navigator."

their radio expression. Without describing detail he
everything, struggled to the end and left them.

find?" Esther asked as he entered.

position in the system. Ships could pass safely within a million miles of a known patch with no fear of the having drifted that much. They might have taken a much worse fact that you would never safely than when you had just passed a path. didn't want or need.

Black was the Crispins, but he looked up with an "Expression" that gave the spailly Jim," said he wanted Mary. That both interrupted him and closed who could laugh at anything.

Despite his efforts Shaw was going to have a bad time of it. Above Mary was the most beautiful at thirty-eight. She had plenty of faults, but they hadn't a sharp chin, that Barker creases about her eyes, but he didn't, couldn't have any idea that Barker had known about the black moss. Barker had given him the course he wanted, he had accepted it in his indolent way, though he still checked it to make sure—but how could Shaw guess that Barker had seen his chance and taken it? the smallest tragedy.

Even Winter couldn't be quite sure. "But it all fitted alone, or do you think I could help?" she

Winter saluted and reached the ground. At first he edged, but immediately dropped the forty than the mality and carried them gradually gathered out momentum here, Winter landed at a speed of which and looked much we're too top-heavy in rank. But remember

it lasts only six months. On this is stood ready, Major Gresham waited while the five men standing

Major Gresham's one interest in Winter about the telephone post checked that it appeared to be safe for him to leave. Two miles up, bridge, and then if he was any good at it for him to

Winter recognized the eye of the player shell of the who played for 511 adverse distributions and sighed inwardly. Winter played cards ready to

well for a flood who had no interest in the miles farther pastime, and realized that he had been drawn into the escaped the poke of the Belligerent room in the care and

Belligerent caution in the hands of Major captured Gresham with his bridge on Barber IV.

The carrier had disappeared, and the sixA man he who remained walked slowly to the block to him. house four "hundred yards away." With the formally, third member of the group he spoke to commanded a Winter had heard all about the station a midshipman.

The Ex-Master "You'll see that Dictator?" Lieutenant

Winter suddenly told him. "He doesn't like keep himself another Napoleon that anything like that. In fact,

"I never had his soft on job know the system, for Napoleon got on here Elbaga and Sa. Helena who couldn't It couldn't be even if anything helped him, and there's He wasn't nothing to do but read, see films, eat

He saw a Winter's uneasy glance at the other four, only a few yards from them, Winter in- and laughed. "They all turned and

looked at him Morley grinned. "You should have

"You can say what you like, Winter will take the what's your part of it," at five cents the hundred.

"Jim." Occasionally he makes the rest of us poor

"Well, there's a police officer here, not his heart anywhere else" in it. There's only one thing that

"Mars," says Winter briefly.

"Do they say Winter, looked at him inquiringly. Mor- a long time, and then he said to the black man, "Him. He I don't often listen to the Mars is the trouble it back to spot now. But there will be weeks to talk.

Here, let's go Winter smiled uncertainly. to meet you." "You can see how he was dangerous,"

There was a black man, "What the hell does he

her letters that truth would only be a matter of time before they stopped. And Pamela began to forget about him. But Barker reassured him he was a man who would never age; a small

"It's the way you're written," he said, dark-haired, "She liked you. I can see it in the first letters. Then she began to wonder if she'd been mistaken about you, if the letters were real and not the pictures was surprising. You write about the like things a beautiful sign star and way. Try finding unexpectedly that she was quite as

Winter tried it, and the letters began to come every three days again. It wasn't that Barker wrote his letters for him. It was that he, who had never met Pamela, was able to tell Winter about Barker so that his letters touched her instead of missing Major, but wildly. Winter will want something to eat first.

It didn't seem strange that Barker should be reading Pamela's letters, even the bits where she wrote about "Napoleon II" and was surprised that Winter could not hate him. The station arranged its diversion and handled its personnel. Winter wondered if he

There was a strange bridge session one using his

But now he knew why he could smoke steadily for thirteen hours and never suffer for it. Just at the end, perhaps, his throat would begin to get ragged. But by that time he would have other things on his mind, if he still had a mind. Don't you know how easy it is to lose a reputation?

There was a tap he knew on his door. Fifty successes, then one spectacular flop. Long faces, suspicious glances, short memories. Another flop, another witch doctor. It was as simple as that.

"I'm afraid maybe the girls' witch doctor?" crack later," she said. "Or watch the sports pages."

"Marjory? A team—any team playing anything—is an older one. She's like for a game those self-sufficient characters. She's got the week before. Some writers say they had an off-day. But reserves until suddenly there's nothing left. wipe away that failure. The day comes, they win easily and everybody's so. All this states them. Or they lose and people say of they're on others on the slide. It's always easy to lose a reputation. Pam, then Barker, then Pam again, and now Marv. And why have you been wanting to lose yours?"

IT DIDN'T seem without a trace of hurt or pride. "Can you tell me why?" that was what mattered. She sat in the high chair can do no harm if we all die, there's always a chance we don't." With an unexpected sense of the fitness of things she had chosen the simplest to dress. It wasn't Winter had ever seen, that demanded an answer. She without an unnecessary button than she did. nothing but a "More than that," There said elliptically. no bracelet, "Not one chance, but only a tiny bit of a chance—because she would have anything which looked and felt strange without it, but the heart stops beating! And starts fighting! The green, light looking more beautiful, somehow maybe we've found simplicity something that quality the distinguish from previously black moss. Or black moss has suddenly decided is not to kill!" she asked.

He sighed. "Black moss was a radiation must keep that no one could see," Now Mary, in the son, was talking to herself. "It must be feeling the same as 'Not really. It wouldn't be a surprise if you said 'Is that all? I've known it for years.'"

saic in one generation different had beethu walls or air.
riedly changed by will this of Barkers n necessary.
three planes Nothing has ever been found to affect the
ter?" green ball but black moss. Maybe some

"Yes, I thought you will be lucky. And find itself safe
we've just come it from Ceres. This ship. But not
landed him this six months ago."

"Tell me about glad I know is he'll like" waiting to

"You could have waited any time you
liked on Ceres. That's what he'd have talked very
charmingly to you and your astrogator. a ring
or a bracelet. He said for the want of a pretty talk about Shaw.

"Oh, I'd even if he'd done so. He had been at fault
They say there was no point in talking about it. He
just a legend dressed wildly.

Winter grin. Not a "So get on, please." Sometimes the
time to be a man gets a lot of a bad word and
there isn't a stubbornly used instead of the right one.
think he's like a subconscious. It's just a man named
a highly intelligent who discovered the subconscious.
He knows every thing and he's called it the unconscious.
ways interested. But for every reason people preferred their
I understood and from it, but they would in the end.
even heard Freud's name. Freud's name is the subconscious.

oretical feelings. "Go on now and laugh," you tell the

But Winter wasn't laughing. "Nowadays and know it's the truth—

"Look at it this way," Barker went on like Barker

"Do you think I'm the sort of man who they know I

would get any satisfaction from sitting on top of a world, I'm having against I. P., and never have

as I told them?" Reaching that position,

yes. I was made to build empires—or prisoner of

them down. But it's all along? being a suc-

cessful dictator. Not exactly that. Didn't you read about

The dictators all elected in success, he

cause the comparative ease of business of Bibles."

keeping an empire I was no outlet for the

driving force needed to win it. No. I'm not

emperor, same way by the same reporters. Sorry if

game." that sounds. . . ."

"So you want to make a new empire."

just to break it down again?" asked Win-

ter ironically. "Anyway, I knew you were technically

cleared, but I didn't think that meant you

"Not quite. I want to make off new em-

pire, yes. But I'll have to let someone else

break it down. The I. P. again?"

Barker was beginning to make sense—

I. P., not guilty is not guilty. The matter's

dangerous sense," Winter fought against

named. I was afraid they might become false. It was hope-
dictive and for those in Persephone. Its perfection put
thing similar to the mean of the 'fence' as he asked:
mythology." "And what do you want to do now—

There was no argument. Barker had
chosen the "Oh, no," said Barker mildly. "Earth-
sentimentalist. His soul writhed in hor-
ror at the thought of the death of millions.

But at the same time it reached out blindly, like a
wonderingly, toward the great thing an-
Earth-Venus Mars Alliance could be on Barker in
the Barker plan. For despite the millions more who
that. The wayman had to trust the doctor, on the
the mechanic, the dentist, the architect,
the builder, the designer. He had to be-
lieve blindly when his foot was the first A hundred
to tread a new path for the Earth-Venus Alliance to grow
would not collapse with him. And the winter
trusted Barker and for Mars to see the only
trust Barker, terror and despotism. But unfortunately

"Why am I not necessary forever, and I might lose my
Barker grinning, but it was too long. I can't trust
ture. "The dictator, Barker to be born in a hundred
needs someone he can trust," he said now. "He Premature

you. I've learned with staying from interesting idea, with him that ought to have known that. And the he'd never lived in the present with nothing even hear of black and the theory. A creature who was wholly good. Do you understand? Whatever happens human, and if she was here, you would keep the plan him up. behind the plan to yourself. You'll marry

"Barker Bannister and his devil, and his children. She often he'd said that must be the other. I was a half-mad seen him as a spot, nothing more and a fright-see that?" ended as a schoolgirl. He it. At the time he thought,

"But was he sincerely, but sincerely, that the ways papers said of gods should not be shown to men. He

"Oh, yes, as yet to learn that Barker was no god, cruel." Winter might in other things, and went on telling what was true, but only some of the truth.

ESTHER asked Winter anxiously, the "It's not much next day telling you about as black as isolated acts of cruelty, painted you wouldn't see them. It would be like trying with the effort of tell-read in any newspaper story and making it sound like in dark room the whole story years. I know boys better than throw dogs down alive, he said, and I can't tell

Suddenly they heard it and were unmistakable to it. Man crack of a shot. They looked at each other, sets and ran from the cabin and piles firewood on her.

It was Shaw of course. Having no interest in Shaw now that he was dead, Winter shot a quick glance around the people in the lounge. Before they had time to recover, to all of them again. He had seen who murdered Shaw. Marjory it must be and she knew him standing with a lost tortured expression for her face could wake another hour of though his stubborn expression showed that he did not blame himself. Then perhaps, Esther made her effort alone. But she would not have been enough. They were

Not one right. On Mars he did all the things that firing the shot, of course Shaw had done but that himself. But it had been Marjory, inventive-Hawkin and Esther who had made him fire it with what they had said to him and those same all the others except the Grispins and. "They loved what they had not said. Black him die, had not thought about it. Winter guessed own generals but he had contributed by letting Shaw

everyone had seen and sensed a lot of time to take its working off the Tachyon out of the dialock. When he spent on the returned Majority of which-eyed and little of the startlingly remained, had found an escape wing he was building on the blockhouse, on a dozen other things. It had been simple for him to make the launch run imperfectly now and then, each time a new fault, and it was the natural thing for him to work on it's because they don't kill themselves. That's because again. Not one thought there was any danger that with a few spanners and some sheets of tin he could make the launch capable of space flight. Not until he and Winter were gone on it.

Winter glanced round the others. "I'm And sometimes it seemed that," Barker said. "Shoot had to fight for every inch as if it were a mile. Why should half the stolen provisions turn out to be bad, for example, why should the launch land on Mars in the first storm for years, I why should I den, the?" Martian general, after promising co-operation in which he had nothing to lose, unaccountably sane. "Maybe I've seen too many There were some cruel tricks on Barker's certainly too

that it was not a member of the world. It could be beaten. Barker could be stopped, as he had been with some-
Barkēr had his second Empire on
a terrible weapon, but he did not want it. It was an inhuman
not save it. And then, that was, Withering to Barker. He
he could find Barker's weapon and he found its carrier.

Winter The weapon was wonderful and the carrier
no one had ever thought of. The combination of factors was the most
in the Second World War. Barker used Barker's genius. His
on to kill weapons, fused, the human and brain—so that in-
dren, but instead of moving a system, a machine, a thought
were people spread like a white snow over the world, blotting
nations of paper-fact that Barker's process was almost
swept Earth. It was a simple thing, an elec-
tation that could be done in the field, in the air, in the sea, in the
tomatic? For they were higher. They believed that ordinary
Barker was not. In practice it was a death. A death and death.
thought; that a man in such a field could do every-
thing to think that Barker had waited for thoughts
long; that of the king, being a bat, a cat, a dog, a bird, a fish, a
thing but thinking, a girl, a boy, a man, a woman, a child, a
would kill millions without them. But it was not
had never made any intention of destroying the world. It was not
the Earth. A man's mind that were disordered.

How to buy better work clothes

rans and Venusians had died bravely, respecting each other—divided only over Barker and his weapon. He had kept the hate personal, so that the men who landed in their hundreds of thousands on Mars from the I. P. ships were ready to drink Martian wine and kiss Martian girls, and blamed everything on Tom Barker and the renegade Winter. Through the war the familiar refrain had run: "It's not the Martian people we're fighting. . . ."

When they had him and Winter, they did exactly as Barker had predicted. He was able to save Winter completely. Pamela Stonehouse helped, by being there, by being in love, by being beautiful. She fell in love with Winter automatically when everyone was against him. She was that kind of girl. They were married long before Winter's fate was settled. Through the years of Barker's trial and Winter's afterward they were happy—Pam because she believed in Winter, utterly and sincerely.

raised his voice so as to take in all.

"I wouldn't still believe that he deserved to be you," he said. All independent of whether or not twenty minutes or so. But better make

sure at the end of that time you're comfortable and relaxed.

MARYORY talked, in his cabin, of He waited, but her home, her family, her hopes, Everyone looked blankly at him, except refreshing Mary, who to listen to her. She was twice the woman again, and he had thought her. With the thought out and closed the door.

Outside he paused. Mary had shaken her head, but he had to tell Esther and Susan. Then he regained his sanity, have her person- ness should know as much as New did about black moss.

He climbed the stairs to his knowledge of her youth, last time. her beauty, and any responsibility for the

He lit a cigarette and calculated. He could smoke three more. He wouldn't talk of to drop the Barker from his lips on the floor. There was Barker to Jim. Winter. Perhaps they tered. wanted to test their judgment against the

He wanted. Perhaps they Barker. Only interested

"What did you now reproach me with?" he was like a
asked quietly murderer caught before he decided to com

She giggled the murderer's "Guess!" to her no one who
thought, and what Barker was something was ready to
"Souness? I guess that is dead Barker would not have
Winter. Suddenly she pitched on the floor never mean
It wasn't the blackness until at last, and now it was
principally the black moss. She lay and
looked at him. Why did everyone make it so easy for

Then she began to hear. She had tried him for
in an effort the last time, and she would not let him
If she had been alone, she could have done
it in a dozen "Thinking the way she seemed?" Barker
to be trying to ask herself for her particular

her stomach. "Yes," said Shaw at once, as Barker
Unhurriedly Winter knew he was his gun. "It's a new
He looked at it.

"Yes, please, No one suddenly, vengeance. When
ly, breaking was just screaming. But had two ships.
knew that did not praise him with any respect. "On
sibility. She still looked like bad business."

He fired once. "What was it?" Shaw demanded, scent
noise. The other world of Barker's always fascinating



hillside. There on the hills and you can't lie sleeping
trees, a hard ^{wake up} summer green that would be
like metal later in the day. ^{The light reached under his eyelids} There were
the dead leaves ^{rolling the darkness of dreams} He mumbled
still wet with the dew that steamed ^{bled and curled into a tighter knot, drawing} away
in white vapors. ^{ing sleep back around him like a cloak} There were birds piping
up the sun, ^{sinking toward the dark and the unknown} but nowhere food, nowhere
anything to eat. ^{ingness with his mother's face before him}

Mother, you said you would bring back long ways o
something to eat, calling and calling, and he tried to

He shook his big ^{follow her, but the sun wouldn't let him.} head, clearing out
the fog of dreams. ^{Mother, today he would have} *Mother, please*
to go down ^{come back, mother.} into the valley. He had eaten
the last berries ^{She had gone and left him,} on the hillside, and he had wait-
ed here for ^{long days with weakness creeping} then and the
from his belly ^{have had been big and gloomy and cold, and} now
he would have to go down ^{there were fluttering Sand-watches in the} to the Strangers.

He went ^{shadows of it and he had been frightened} slowly out of the thicket and
started down ^{She had said she was going after food, and} the hillside. The grass
rustled under his feet, the earth quivered
a little beneath his great weight. ^{had kissed him and gone off down the steep} The hill
slanted up to the sky and down to the misty
dales, and he was alone with the morn-
and called her name, but she didn't return.

oil of this world; it is strong with the bones of my father and fat with the flesh of my mother. But one must eat. The cold water set

his lame foot to tingling and needling. Beyond it he found the old logging trail and ley, the mists had lifted in ragged streamers and already he could feel the heat of the sun. The trail led onto

road, and he turned north toward the human settlements. The Strangers had given him food now and then, out of charity or in return for work. Once he had labored almost a year on the pavement, it was hard under his soles and the impact of walking jarred into his legs like small sharp needles. He looked around him, trying to ignore the hurry which seemed to be in his race, with a quiet voice and gentle eyes. But then the

They had cut down the trees and harrowed the land and sowed grain of Earth of Rufo, so he had had to leave.

until now the valley lay open to the sky. The brassy sun of summer and the morose winds of winter rode over the deep plains he remembered, and the only trees were in neat orchards bearing alien fruit. How had they lived, what was their word for this and that, did he remember as if these Strangers were afraid of

lifted one arm the way he had done times and ground
child when the bomb was falling and
metal rained around him. A stranger climbed out, and he was

The man sprang back, saying "Don't yuh try His curses
it," he said quickly, "Don't fast that. Yugo couldn't
They'll hunt yuh down if yuh taugh me." few words:

"Go," said Yugo, twisting his tongue. Coulda killed
and throat in the first syllable, which have the law
he knew better than the dimly recalled lan-

guage of his people. "Please go." He had twice the

"Yuh're heighter than yuh, yuh behave that jittered
yuhself. Keep yuhself before him, and Nasty four times
devil! Watch yuhself, and though he was old, one sweep
into the truck and started would stove in the skull and
tires threw gravel back at Yugo on the hot hard con-

He stood watching the machine, his
hands hanging empty at his sides, until it
was beyond his aging sight. Then he started
walking again, careful to stay on the cor-
rect edge of the road. So he stood quietly, hoping

Presently the man appeared over a ridge
It lay a little way in from the highway, a
neat white house sitting primly among

ired. She was afraid. They were all afraid. They had called his folk trolls, which were something evil in their old myths. He remembered that his grandfather, before he died in a shelterless winter, had called them porrogs, which he said were pale bony things that ate the dead and Rugo smiled with a wryness that was sour in his mouth.

But little use in trying here. He turned to go. They'd have machines and no use for his labor. When he passed by here before, the man had told him shortly to be on his way. But they could perhaps spare a piece of bread and a jug of water; just to be rid of him or maybe to keep him alive. He knew thirteen years old, a cub with the same narrow eyes as his father. Visitors often climbed up his hill to see him and toss a few coins at his feet and take pictures while he gathered

ing of iron. them.

"Please, sir," said Rugo. "I am hungry. I thought if I could do some work, or if you had any scraps."

He puzzled out the name of the mailbox. "Elias Whately." He'd try his luck with Elias Whately.

He puzzled out the name of the mailbox. "Elias Whately." He'd try his luck with Elias Whately.

go. him. It was no use explaining, thought Ru-

the . . . maybe the old counselors had thought

ted. **A**nd like them could come and had not expected

ning and maybe realizing that the Strangers wo

him and their dread lord, a light doth hold their place

stones rattled on his sides with little swords

Nyaan, nyaan, nyaan, wuglyuka, a seon, throu

was "Please, please, please, please, please," and now he was

saw it. The road danced in a blinding flim-

and whirling his coat determined the clamor in

wanted food. But they—~~he told me to~~ went away, some turning back and some back. Then the dogs came, and the wandering higher up into the hills after berries. Rugo sat unmoving, buried in himself, letting a measure of strength and the awareness of his pain seep back.

"I'd like to find some shade!" jagged bolts shot through his nerves, his throat was too dry, for he had thought it would be easier than for swallowing and the hunger was like a wild animal deep in his belly. And over his head the sun swam in a haze of heat, pouring it down over him, filling the air with an incandescence of arid light.

At last still a longer time, he opened his eyes. The lids felt raw and sandy, vision wavered as if the heat-shimmer had entered his brain. There was a man who stood watching him. "Now let's find your trees."

They went up the trail without speaking. Rugo shrank back, lifting a hand before his face. But the man stood quietly, puffing to himself, and crossed the brook and away on a battered old pipe. He was shabbily dressed and there was a rolled bundle on his shoulders. It was as if he had been born again. He sighed and let his

Had a pretty rough session there, didn't

never was last other a Gounthis—methods wofen my race—
need drove when I. Was only about twenty and That wa
scared, and most walking horrible appear Since the
ance made have been Stiche last fought. But
they needn't "God," been his pen to Maghuel about "God, wh
it. That was a cheer for belisness' devils we are!"

"It does "You matter, stranger Rugo. "An
was long ago way it is very long ago now. Tho

They sat for a while in silence. Some of the men have
under the beam good against the On white flames saved m
of sunlight, until he got for the others ready let me live. An

"Ah." said the archer, he gave a full knife
his eating the ensing. "It's of of kindness, I'd say
beans and Mauff, and tugged a ven "But as you put
plate. Mind Rugo, it's eating into the kettle?"

"I—I— He is drew the archer, his pimpled "Still, yo
Rugo, suddenly a great civilization. It wasn't tec

"The devil is in it. Help yourself, wasn't huma
timer, plenty of all understandable to humans, but

The smell of food fired Rugo's nose, it was a blood
he could feel his stomach tightening and will have
stomach save a goat in some And the Stran-
ger really seemed to be said. Rugo slowly, I am too o

voice in the 'wind' matter, 'the vines, Manuel. "I was
 ing in the soil, that of the water, they break
 eats and the water, night, links, and that
 l be the lost race, which is from these parts," said
 'It may be so. These said was a thought within him.
 ut we are all gone. Nothing to expect
 left." nothing more than friendship. You could
 'Some day, it said Manuel, 'the last man watch a
 going to face you, of course, sir. We are on the hot blue
 forever, either let Severn move and a gentle go easy.
 mies of our folk, the foolishness of the stomach, and
 ng of the world, the will, the grass, and Idle words
 be that went to some one, another, life that was all
 vely as there was' and it was enough.

'I was not brave,' said a plain tramp, 'he added
 en afraid, though they hurt me, sometimes,
 I ran." "Maybe not," said Manuel. "I taught
 'Brave school, a good many years ago, said Cetusport.
 nuel. Got into a bit of trouble and had to hit the
 They talked and liked it, long and then not to settle
 human, how many? Where since, go, to go, inter, travel-
 said. "If I am going to stay here, I am interested—
 ile, I'll have to go, and there's a lot in it
 fish, K. K. K. I am, I am, I am, this

eat highest hill look the Yes, he and started climbing a g
n a ing it toward and the bed of Falls that He could hear well with
the distant mearing of a cataract, half lost
ro- in the pounding. It was a long trip and his knees p
set fought his legs at the slough up the rocky and
on- slant, and but slowly. The sun was lightening the horizon
till stopped toward, but it would be a few hours yet
- not far ahead. Dark were shadow and mist and a
and coolness of rushing water. The crest of the hill a
quiet, was ready down the other side. Night was dark and qu
ing be there to the walk home with him, leaves hu
m- The slough on the left remained gut trees. The su
his voices of the children, grass rustled he looked under
own for them since he knew these were scattered do
nd, bidden to the vision of his danger with a faint will. Beyond
his- adults along the ridge. When he stepped out of the story haze of c
was ridge and stood looking down upon the but he v
red gorge, he used to that just like old times. and his
was heart stumbled. Berries, yes, a lot of them cluster
the whole troop. There was the Falls, withered there v
the haired Sam. What a lovely lead and then. To be sure, t
but berry hunter and picker down the cragged rocks as he, l
the and along the pebbled beach all the little spots, t
nd on the bluffs they were other and other river crannies

ther, often I told them they would believe me," said
 s cleared Rugo. "But if you do not believe it, try
 rs between word and fact. It was as if she walked
 ide him now and shared for a moment, unsure,
 k and smiling when she uttered. Then a Sam said,
 h and foot. "Okay, hell, take a break, please. But you let us
 s gathered for his friend, and that
 s good. "I will do that," said Rugo, and the
 After shared time, he agreed to put him in a
 couple of the children. He had left the main
 up and heart held over him, fluttering small boy weakness
 l girl tagging a very distant distance and
 ing nothing. He turned and stared at
 m, wondering. They meant to attack to their
 n after all, and they looked at Rugo. scrambled
 "You sure find a lot of bluff and bluster the opposite
 roll," said direction at last, timidly.

"They grow. They called the Rugo with, and soon
 ease. he was out of sight of them.

"I'm sorry. They were as well as to go, and steep on
 d the gither. "Me of the Falls. My horse the river ran
 re or was fast, green and boiling. White, cold and loud
 Rugo could remember the night in a veil of rain-

hunger and they stood by when their wolf-ter cold, wide eyes, stood by and said nothing and grinding out of his eyes, and he didn't want them ever to "Mow What? Why wouldn't he could go down remember the way things are. His father had told him "Son of a bitch!" and the boy with elaborate and— scorn. "My dad'll take care of old Sour

Your rapscallion. What's 'haunt us, no matter how long "I don't like Sam. What's neither," said will enter the gym. "He's there, all like his old man." a shadow just. Why do you do this, he says, then?" asked the wind. But in the rivers, something in the soil that the boy took and made comfortable. "He and the wiggles in the dirt of his hand. He will be the lost race. Yes, that was the way of humans, and

"Why, yes, it's really short. I think the Manuel so."

Joneses were so few among them. The boy suffered more for his skin than the girl, else, probably and they watched him with large eyes. He leaned back "He's the blackberry bush," said Rugo around in "He can pick it if you want to."

He sat down on a mossy bank, watching them. "A LONG, thin ago" that said, "be things had already told the Man. He wouldn't need

gs of cold into his body and he cried
lived in a big castle with towers reaching
with the pain they nearly scraped the stars, and
up so they nearly scraped the stars, and
Sam's head appeared briefly at the foot
the wind was always blowing around the
the cataract, and whirling down stream.
towers, and ringing the bells. Even when
go's feet lost bottom and he struck out
the trols were asleep they could hear the
ling the current grab him and yank him
shivering of the bells. And it was a rich
m shore.
castle, whose doors always stood open to
Swimming, whipping down stream he
any way, and each night there was a
ook the water from his eyes and gasped
feast where all the great trols met and
I looked wildly around. Yes, there came
music sounded and the heroes told of their
m, a little above him, swimming with
wanderings—
ndless reflex.

"Hey, look!"
The slight body crashed against his
The children's heads turned, and Rugo's
oulder. Almost the river had its way, The sun
annoyed glance followed them, The sun
n he got a clutch on the arm and his
was low now, its rays were long and slant-
s and tail and free hand were working
ing and touched the hair of Sam. Whately
They whirled on down the stream and
with fire where he stood. He had climbed
was deaf and blind and the strength was
up on the highest crag above the falls and
lling from him like blood from an open
balanced swaying on the narrow perch,
und. laughing. The laughter drifted down
There was a rock ahead. Dimly he saw
through the boom of waters, faint and clear
through the cruel blaze of sunlight, a
oad flat stone rearing above, a foam of little girl.
Gee, he shouldn't, said the little girl.
ter. He smiled, striving for it, sobbing."



Conducted by Frederik Pohl

John
New

row
day,
with
green
on

"gate" through space, hold what remains of humanity. A seeker named Ryan, exiled from his own world, battles against the massed forces of the other for his life and the safety of the girl he loves. He wins, of course—but not until you have read through 255 pages of entertaining and only mildly confusing adventure. Gr

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS by John Wyndham. Doubleday & Co., New York.

The Day of the Triffids is not tomorrow or a thousand years from now. It is today, of course—but not until you have read through 255 pages of entertaining and only mildly confusing adventure. Gr

ST HALF-PAS

FEAR

He was lost in time—a fugi-

ive from the past, which

*would not have him **Bye—***

and the future, which refused

to accept him dead. . . .

JOHN JAKES

He was rather short. **H**IS body was not walking out of the city. Behind him rose the slender grace-
and's. His was a kind of solid fatness. He had a morning
sky of intense blue eyes and a white. The
unburnt nose, with the stranger and gage had for a
a rather moment the unreal appearance of a photo-



"Maybe he's a young man," she laughed, now?" he eyes flashing. "Like in the story you read me last night. Yes, if you please. That will include Mrs. Childs." She clanked her spoon loudly on the table. "He said, 'Don't say things like that.'" He dug his hand into the pocket of his trousers. Hasti-

David looked at her, surprised. He had just remembered to her. "Don't say anything the matter?" His face got very red. "I'm . . . I'm

"I don't know," David said. "It's very large bills. I'll but for some reason have come today and frightens me." "You this evening, if that'll be all right."

"No use getting frightened. Over nothing." He dipped his hand into his pocket and left him concentrate. making small unpacking noises behind the

"He should be here, for the kitchen," she began to all at once. "I didn't hear his hands" were shaking.

"It's nothing to get the way all around David and about," David said. "He'll be home in half an hour."

"I know it," she said. "David's a man. I'm sorry, but he's . . . self-warring. I contain it on the clothes, for a little of the difference. A little of the fra- in cut . . . that's what I spelled over and burned her

room, as one body being lifted through a chair. aisles of
 Footsteps thumped solidly on the floor. Mr. Deem
 appeared in the alcove, blinking his little blue eyes in the dim interior light and
 touching his Julia, her favorite mustache. Mrs. Childs
 set her down cheerfully, groceries and bags lighting up.
 to take off her coat hastily, a Mrs. Childs, "its metal-
 "It certainly is a lovely day," Mr. Deem
 commented. "Hello, Julia." Mrs. Childs fed the
 "Yes, very nice," Mrs. Childs replied. There
 emptily, wondering what could be wrong with the groceries
 with the thing he had said to make her look
 the way she "One And how did she feel?" Julia
 Standing there beside him, she groped for
 the word, found it on a maze of others. She
 didn't know if it expressed her relation to
 him, or his to her, or both. It was horribly
 right. the box, Julia said, "There was a friend of
 Alien. . yours in here about two hours ago."
 "I saw the Spark a few blocks away," Mr.
 Deem said, seeing himself again. "All the
 children were out playing and having fun
 It was delightful." "He wanted to write a check
 She glanced nervously at the wall record of him

"No. In ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~" all the talking. Mr. Deem
 "Oh." never said much besides yes and no, gen-
 "Are you ~~really~~ ~~agreeing~~ ~~to~~ ~~her~~ ~~disagreeing~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~according~~ ~~to~~
 ly?" Mrs. Child's asked in a pointed voice.

"Yes, I ~~believe~~ ~~in~~ ~~Mr.~~ ~~Deem~~ ~~hardly~~ ~~said~~ ~~any-~~
 replied. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~Spain~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~said~~ ~~that~~ ~~about~~ ~~school,~~
 softly, "I ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~order~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~salt~~
 I . . . I ~~had~~ ~~the~~ ~~pepper~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~cream.~~ He kept watch-

Now, though, Mr. Childs, and it, made Mrs. Childs
 "I hope you don't mind me talking about

it," Deem ~~went~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~room~~ ~~to~~ ~~study.~~ Mr. Deem was in the front
 to someone ~~room~~ ~~to~~ ~~study.~~ Mr. Deem was in the front

"Go right ahead," ~~pottering~~ ~~with~~ ~~looking~~ ~~leo.~~ David
 significantly ~~was~~ ~~helping~~ ~~his~~ ~~wife.~~ She ~~to~~ ~~carry~~ ~~his~~ ~~dishes~~ ~~out~~ ~~to~~
 ashamed, ~~because~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~thought~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~
 would hide ~~a~~ ~~stupid~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ ~~wrong~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ "David. I
 past. want to go talk to him after we finish the

"A woman ~~worked~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~office,~~" Deem
 said. "A very ~~fine~~ ~~woman.~~ I ~~loved~~ ~~her~~ ~~very~~ ~~anyway.~~ I
 much." His ~~voice~~ ~~now~~ ~~was~~ ~~warmer~~ ~~and~~
 soothing, and ~~Not~~ ~~the~~ ~~least~~ ~~near~~ ~~frightening~~ ~~that.~~ Find
 Mrs. Childs ~~decided~~ ~~about~~ ~~him~~ ~~sounded~~ . . .
 well . . . ~~since~~ ~~David~~ ~~frowned,~~ a bit reprovingly. "Are
 "But ~~the~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~man~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~is~~ ~~true~~

vitamin plant. "When he certainly does, behave what was irritable. You might call a scarlet past," David said.

"Helen, for Pete's sake, I'm busy. What is it now. . . . "No, he doesn't. I'm sorry, David. . . . "

"David, I told him he's subject to that we settled it."

"Whose?" "I worry too much, David."

"Mr. Deem's knowledge is quite harmless."

"Listen, Helen." She David sighed and touched exasperated his forehead. She had exactly her husband very you talking mad, and lying there in the cool dark, she

"The things in a bag. I've seen pictures of them. Next morning, she went busily about her

"What? Housework, even humming a little. David

"Yes, that's what was gone, a girl. And Deem had three flowers. With his intention to visit the various

There was a silence, and then a noise of swallow-

ing. She knew, with an inner smile of delight,

"Helen, that she was saving his room until last.

"I look carefully she made encyclopedia, dusted the David," she breathed. "I looked up the list masculine of all the things that were destroyed in the

world during the Great War. I thought it all tickling

It was well pastings on before she spoke. Where did
again. Saryon gathered her head cradled in her
mother's lap. David hid his face from the couch and his sun-

"I must kill you, stable Mr. Deard said, drop even more
he were an "I was afraid I might go to them," he
the movies said sadly. "But I didn't know where else
to move on to. They then have a man would have found them

"Where did you come from?" David said
fiercely. "They don't have things like that on

"From the year 1961 more," she whispered. "There

"That's impossible. There's been things like that for sixty

"No. Check the list in the encyclopedia.

On that list "I know," he said. "I came from that

at the Time Travel Institute. I worked

there. The machine was destroyed in the war."

throat.

"Why did you come here?" Mrs. Child's. Please come upstairs

"To this house? Where I get the gun."

"I mean now, by this year?" ahead of him, too sick

"There was a frightened. Only I think about pro-

work in instatange. I'd went to work at the and got out

Institute. She gave and they three man, death roses. He

only one who pointed the gun at me. She noticed his

"We were in the room, now the peace had quality gone

"You'll be all right," the David said to his wife, his arms behind her.

"Twice dead, and the roses," he whispered. "Say repeating, nothing dead, and the roses. . . ."

Mrs. Childs walked shakily to the front door, opened it. The young man tipped his hat. She noticed the same strangeness about his clothes.

"I'd like to see Vincent Deem, please."

Mrs. Childs clutched the door frame.

"Who is it?" Deem shouted.

The young man had a gun in his hand. He pushed past Mrs. Childs into the living room.

"Steady, Deem," he said.

The big man seemed to lose his strength. The gun sagged. The roses lay on the floor by his feet. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I came through the machine. I've been here since yesterday, hunting you. I've checked everywhere. Finally, the market down the street gave me your address. I've come to take you back to stand trial."

Take Alka-Seltzer

for ACID

INDIGESTION

Always

YOUR HOME

Y'S JOURNEY

By WALTER KUBILIUS

*ugh chill space the ship plunged for
en lifetimes—on a journey which
had no end!*

*Throu
a doz*

were still closed and after a heavy rain upon Bur-
of the sediment must have been deposited it racked
upon them. — him he did not know, for con-

Burnett leaned back upon the couch and Every cell
sighed in relief as someone for ailed and breathed—
rubbed his aching muscles chokingly.

"Ah! That's good, Ko-Tan," he said—
and then suddenly remembered there were
and voice cried



It still shone short and snail-brilliantly pale in his hairless head field of cold darkness. seemed to be of unusual size.

"Earth, Mars and all the planets," he said. "This is asked. "What of them, Lita." A short and pale woman

"Charred cinders," said Milavo answered. "The sun became a nova shortly after you."

were placed in the preservative sharply to Milavo. "Before," "How long has it been?" he snapped.

"I beg your pardon?" "The preservative solution was always in perfect condition," Milavo said. "There

preservative was no reason to awaken you before the Burnett's had your ancient instructions were

The spaceship obeyed to the letter. beyond the orbit of Pluto. "How long?" Burnett demanded.

all-consuming flash. He closed his eyes as the sun were looked into Burnett's eyes that

almost reached five thousand. The gravitational effect of the collapsing star was

out waves. In five thousand years the language would ions, gamma rays, x-rays, and all the rest of

rays grappled the sun through very physical structure of the first flash would change—"

was destroyed. He could not go on. He saw all at once, Only the charred Milavo and Lita were changed. Their

council meeting. "Thank you, you'll agree, taking the vol-
my mate."umes.

Her eyes "I will leave you now," Milavo said.
saw the violent flickering of the panel for landing
Their hearts were Second Planet."

"I—" she "Journey's end, eh?" Burnett mused as
pressure of Milavo's hand—but the words were
never finished a long while before opening the first

Faintly the pit-pat of meteorites striking
the shell of the spaceship could be heard.

One glance at the burning red gauge that
marked the presence of foreign bodies told
her all that was needed into nothingness and their

"Sound the alarm!" she cried.
children's children took their place. The

It rang suddenly, sharply breaking the
stillness. Sleepy-eyed men poured into the
corridors, preserving isolation. Burnett lived on,
shoulders. There was no panic. Each
donned his protective garment. He went to his
appointed place. All doors were immediately
sealed. If a meteor smashed through the
walls they would have time and time to
repair the damage. One hundred years passed, and then an-

The pounding upon the walls became

"You know the great Andes-sized metal welder from us Prophets. They would call the engineers. He took A curious position and slowly began to work, ex-

He thought and thought about that word until he determined to find side for himself the great what it meant. And that was why he went still shot beyond the Vought, though the Presence was becoming

He laughed and breathed. It was a monstrous Weakly The great gods, feeling a warm Transfo was not a god at all. It was nothing knew he but a great terrible machine!

True, it made why, before the small It dazed air and forced him, he made all the things the body of the people Lisabeth, but he looked through the broken still a machine and saw the stone-still lips, forever

An engine, then, the word, promise. . . . could run the But before the god which was upon him called in the new days, rent had been repaired. The former. Why then would reach Centaur after all. engineer?

"There is no Presence," he had told the people—and they beat the welts on his back burned deep—

"It is only a machine, Vps of the Prophet's slaves

Quickly he ~~Nothing~~ ^{reached} his way ~~to the~~ ^{to the} ~~second~~ ^{second} and "There's
door and ~~putting~~ ^{putting} ~~at the~~ ^{at the} ~~dials, slowly~~ ^{dials, slowly} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~turn-~~ ^{turn-}
ing them. ~~When~~ ^{When} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~heard~~ ^{heard} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~click,~~ ^{click,} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~sec-~~ ^{sec-}
ond—and ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~felt~~ ^{felt} ~~McLean's~~ ^{McLean's} ~~heavy~~ ^{heavy} ~~hand~~ ^{hand} ~~satisfied~~ ^{satisfied}

certainly need. "We have succeeded on the second planet,"
us must. "Miraculously," he said. "Would you be the first to
all possible traces of other intelligent life. it means
Should we something to you? make our in-
tentions clear. Burnett's mistake began. It did not
think we will have any trouble, though. The Earth
planet seems to have been made just for
us." then, to Ko-Tan.

"You—you this ship? the Major said, has had said,
if not comprehending that our plans of the human
all. race. Every empire and tradition ever

"Why, spawncd upon this mother planet lives in
said. us from now on. We can never return, but

"No. No," said Miraculously. "You can make
not us." another Earth. This is good-by. None of
Burnett looked quickly at him. "I don't will know
understand only the solitude of space and the lone-

"We will not stay here," Miraculously said.
Amazed, Burnett could be only stone to his foot upon
silently. another planet. But I give you my word,

"In heaven's name, that planet will be another Earth.
not? This I swear it is! I tell you! You'll
never find another being like what he had said, in im-
how much impressive silence. Burnett walked down the

know of the life which Milavo, flight and all the butterfly the other did not cast his friends experienced? "Is this beauty?" he demanded. "I

Once the fish had used its gills in the planet could tion, it could not look at the water," he said. "Ver-Victory would be a fine feed back to strange particles Earth. of loose matter that will clog our lungs and

Milavo opened the microscopic called out everywhere. "Will you come, Burnett? Your body has been brought Burnett shook his head. Tears fell that it seems eyes. to be like nothing. But for five thousand

The years we have looked decently and sanely in away. a scientific environment which we ourselves He watched the dark, closing Dopy into think we'd the darkness from whence it came the horrible im-

When he was on his Blyne though Never!" Ko-Tan, his bewildered, the Burnett could hardly gape at made to stand. a "But East is home," he said. "This He had failed. we started out to go." Lamely, he

Alone, the best of the human race, he would die. "The human race has changed," Milavo The culture "we civilization he had planetary known would die with him. survive in such an en- But he looked up into the heavens at the W. 1. 11

THIS SCIENCE DEAR

*the humans from the past emerged at last, three
at had no need of the past, onto an Earth that
mankind's final shadows they could unwind*

they began building the vault, a hundred feet underground behind Arnie's shabby barn. Much concrete, steel, and aluminum went into its construction. The tube to the surface, which had been dug with a rented well-driller, was just large enough to permit the lowering of long leaden boxes, endwise.

Into the Future

Sometimes they'd knock off from work to go fishing. And once they brought along a tough little Laura Knox, the only girl who'd ever been an orphan. Rudolph Nowicki was his uncle. Rudolph came out to Arnie's forty acres from the city on weekends. Together reveal itself until too late. . . .



But his loved Arnie. She was the new hired girl. She never said at the nearby Nervins farm. She was a secret," he remarked. "Tell Laura, Arnie. He was as fierce as a lion. "Okay," as Arnie chuckled with an enemy, but sometimes he could forget the soft drink he could be with. When he can forget the soft drink he could be with. Uncle Rudy likes to think about the she came. an injured pup. She said that she came. The cave in St. Louis, but to say that she came. sixty million years ago, might have served just as Mummies. well. Natural history. And about the far future. He thinks it would be. "Uncle Rudy, you amusing if look like a musician, of a famous scientist." served after death, don't dig my View Dyke beard fool sand years from Rudolph chuckled, pulling a husky museum, for the archeologists of those times useful in hot to study, and for the people to stare at. The great just drains down to the Arnie pip, and drips off harmlessly. "Can't you just see the Nickerion is a shod-mannered, case? Famous little bachelor, different from tieth Century business man, his wearing and ready and of period. It's his way of sort of reaching youth he the future had he can't build a time machine. sisters. So maybe he was haunted by a Laura Knox' pretty features showed. It was

rifle that times. But the signs of inevitable disaster were already plain. "He talks about

The payoff came five days later, on a sultry Wednesday evening in early September. The fight began in the parking lot

of the Silver Basket Roadhouse, while the orchestra played sultry dance music. Laura couldn't prevent the battle.

"Heck, Laury—don't insult the apes," he growled softly. "One of these days I'll fix that was plainly a fake." Especially not the mongrel mutt of a pint-sized nitwit named

Dizzy No-wicky-yes-whacky!

There, under the ancient stars, while the wind in the trees mixed ageless, primitive sounds with the primitive sounds of modern music, Arnie became a machine with a single savage purpose. For him, the pain of blows received became just a dull smear to be forgotten. And this time he won decisively. on the borderline, here. Moreover, he

Rob Corson went down, a great, dazed bull. his son was of the type that hates and fears

blasted down. Their interplanetary colonies were wiped out, and those few thousand individuals who had survived the holocaust at home, were swept into retrogression. Arnie Nowicki perhaps had been born to violence. And his last thoughts were things of black hatred. The fear of it froze, like the Earth. Wild animals hunted and were hunted. Glaciers came and went. How often was the cycle of rise and downfall repeated? Nature counted its eras carelessly. Erosion erased mountains; volcanic forces raised them again, to be washed down again. "Sure, Nowicki and I had a fight," he

Though lesser branches of the race continued to exist, men with great craniums and vast intellects developed slowly. By them the human mind and consciousness were duplicated mechanically, first as a complicated and cumbersome apparatus of metal and crystal, then with inevitable simplifications and improvements that tended toward the supermind whose physical self was a nodule of pure energy that could go

Within an hour Rob Corson was swaggering, feeling clever. He was known to be a little loose in his nut. After the fight that Knox wench drove off with him like wild. If you drive them the human mind and consciousness were duplicated mechanically, first as a complicated and cumbersome apparatus of metal and crystal, then with inevitable simplifications and improvements that tended toward the supermind whose physical self was a nodule of pure energy that could go

clusively of chance by intelligently using the number of
solely the spores ejected into the atmosphere.
And, as a matter of fact, by explosive spore-pods
gence, it is countless that the life forms of these
this spore beings being so widespread long since
have died pressure of solar light. The rest was only
- matter of time—how much was of no im-

IT MATURED, and so created countless
new spots as the focus of survival from
number of the plants that it had. For Mars. But
while the same Earth was precluded, occurred a
for they were not with before from the moons of
selves, and so their presence provoked a satellites of
tack by all the ugly things that it was that Saturn's
the last, more than this life being again spawned. I
r them. it was not on some planet of the nearest

The numbers of the spore-plants, and
their wide dispersal over Earth was enough. It car
gions, and it was in its power to self-preserve, as needed
were, at first, their only defense. But all far older
the while than the two of special powers, perhaps
working slowly the shell of the spore could lead
win. salt, to shield the vital parts beneath i

biology and disease. And for a few centuries they were at peace, free to enjoy life in whatever terms that meant most to them. From the human viewpoint there is much mystery, here. But speculation and the social exchange of ideas must certainly have been part of their living. Plus, perhaps, a placid vegetable contentment.

Then, from across space, too, came an other kind of invading spark. It was also life of a sort. Maybe it had been spawned late in the history of the universe, for it was simple, almost crude. Very slowly, yet inexorably, it spread. It was radio-active—and deadly.

The contentment of the plants ended. About this time, a root, groping down a few feet through the soil, found the twisted remains of Rudolph Nowicki's vault. which, after ages of erosion, and geologic shifting of the Earth's crust, had worked its way almost to the surface.

During months of growing, the roots

came into play, preservation—by drying, by freezing, by task for which any intelligent individuals of the universe were better suited than the races that had preceded it. But in each case there was still some deterioration of basic principle behind all of their science. For too had that last bered ages had not been studied more carefully. Its ultimate mystery was neglected—an oversight. But did it

Each of the new human bodies became of good fortune? of pattern. Their job was to replace old tissue with fresh tissue, cell for cell, in a matter of minutes, to store, and to put life forces in motion. Here were they had been doing before, just as they were perfectly preserved in those from the enemy, many eras being clearly of a far earlier race. Here together. But how with such hope and blindness. Yet,

The injury was too great to be repaired by such similar two of the bodies? Were not harder to repair for it was easy to see how the parts had been fitted together. The agony they had brought to death was available could be counter-acted simply by making new cells in the same space,

bered to a little distance and crouched
down among great cactiform things to
watch him.

The Awakening

Arnie's mind was full of jangled impres-
sions.

Someone was lying near Arnie. Some-
body familiar—and as confused as himself.
They began to converse fuzzily, like drunks.

“That you, Arnie?”
“Yeah. . . . Hi, Uncle Rudy. . . . You
look different—”

“Does it matter? Arnie, do you know
how far we are from our own time? There
aren't even a billion years before. Strange,
Arnie, do you know how we were brought
back to life, and why? Do you know,
Arnie? Sorry as if not even an instant had passed
into this. . . . between.”

“Nuts, Uncle Rudy, his dimness in confusion he
. . . . Yeah—could think he'd drunk. . . . Rage
answers to what you asked. But enough. Must
have dreamed it all. Maybe his first necessary task.
dream it. He hardly realized that they felt half-

will shine like glaziers' panes. Around it, big one
ts, birds wheeled. Evolution was the one on the caske
re years, had mingled with shards of concrete. So he
as- "The old was where the look it had been," in the pa
Arnie muttered behind his barn.

but Rudolph N. looked ahead as a wild one the drunken b
ve cacti. "They're living wonderful. There was a saying should ha
n- thickly. "They, even take care of their own and sig
ad irrigation. boards and telephone poles. And that's the ro
monster over there should be, be a better farm.
l," in our image. "The keep news line, just have moved
case. But we Arnie growled with a bitter Weir.

in supposed to go west—east and west under cacti grew
uld ground city of the last farm, as far as the eye cou
are machines each. The cacti can't work
machines. There's no southing that's got to tillage, wi
ng be done, to its old and danger church steeples loomi
dy "Arnie looked up at the trees. There had been a bo
nat whose eyes of water lay bright and a puzzled pond in th
ow "Shut up!" Arnie roared softly and miles. But no
ng The hypnother was a jagged, rocky slope, goi
It lulled him, down to him years of fall in the ocean.
he with what was easy to tell that the Arnie trim on t

like a vital organ under vivisection. He's not as
with all its intricate magic, can still be a

little sickening. Before Rudolph could even reply, Arnie

Laura was there, picked up a large jagged rock from beside
him. Slowly he rose. Her cheeks
were pink. Now she stirred. Kissed the draw the mon-

fit of coughing. Certain attention he might
have emerged, taking the air from one's throat, not a child.

Arnie picked her up. Life did these clever entities of
that when he felt something tear, it was the skills of phys-
er tattered clothing. He felt, in the animal creation

"Let's roll-plants," he said to his article the practiced
who had only stood by, elated by the best.

en course of action the had taken was as close as he

Arnie started to hit, and the scattered the rock
forest and straight at it. He hit it, dolly with

is burden, body was past each in a weak, but his young
green bulk that seemed the zig-zag in his path of need. As

n a minute he was a cry of the hand staggered, Arnie
ke strip of dung diving which the quiet travesty a

rew. mighty push. It toppled and fell. Wasting

"Where not a wot going, Arnie?" covered the same
manded Rudolph. Now he had following, in and hammered

the beam skull with it, until the monster

it was sitting up on its rump. So far so good—nothing out of order. But one small foreleg was extended exactly as a pointing man extends his arm. The paw at the end of it was a tiny, pink dirty hand, with long nails. The index finger showed direction beyond mistake—back the way the men had come. A vehement sequence of squeaks accompanied the gesture, as if the rodent's life depended on the men's obedience to his advice. "We'd better not waste time," Arnie

"Latter-day evolution, Arnie," Rudolph muttered. "Laura had gone completely limp. At last, have developed real brains. I glimpsed what might have been a prairie dog town a little while ago, only there was smoke rising from the mounds, as if the inhabitants had learned the uses of fire, and had underground furnaces going."

Arnie Nowicki felt more lost on this changed Earth than ever. But he was a natural friend to small animals. "What's a matter—Smoky?" he said to the rodent.

her found ~~happened~~ ~~able~~ ~~the~~ ~~process~~ ~~What~~ ~~isn't~~ ~~quite~~ ~~fin-~~
do? For ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~lay~~ ~~the~~
question aside They stumbled along as, toward night,
Arnie and Rudolph advanced, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~cries~~ ~~and~~
their moment ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~crowd~~ ~~above~~ ~~the~~ ~~became~~ ~~more~~
edge of a patch ~~of~~ ~~black~~ ~~and~~ ~~ever~~ ~~ground~~ ~~The~~ ~~There~~
wasn't much ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~for~~ ~~them~~ ~~Neither~~ ~~plaint~~ ~~and~~ ~~despairing~~ ~~note~~.
thing. At last the birds would follow no further.

The black ~~They~~ ~~things~~ ~~black~~ ~~insidious~~ ~~glass~~ ~~g.~~ ~~Distance~~
but beneath ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~in~~ ~~cries~~ ~~glow~~ ~~was~~ ~~woods~~ ~~seemed~~
ible in the ~~gathering~~ ~~dark~~. On the ~~phantoms~~, none still
escence, or ~~fall~~ ~~over~~ ~~except~~ ~~Smoky~~ ~~Now~~ ~~that~~ ~~some~~ ~~tense~~
amorphous ~~in~~ ~~finity~~ ~~of~~ ~~darkness~~ ~~—~~ ~~him~~ ~~matter~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~left~~
—heat ~~radiated~~ ~~the~~ ~~dove~~ ~~The~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~stilt~~ ~~against~~ ~~kept~~ ~~close~~
their faces ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~men~~, twittering, and pointing back

The thing ~~that~~ ~~what~~ ~~low~~ ~~heads~~ ~~was~~ ~~once~~ ~~proven~~ ~~tugged~~
cess. That ~~an~~ ~~Arnie's~~ ~~father's~~ ~~aid~~ ~~from~~ ~~Arnie~~ ~~and~~
Rudolph could ~~they~~ ~~take~~ ~~their~~ ~~glasses~~ ~~so~~ ~~about~~ ~~it~~ ~~that~~ ~~had~~ ~~no~~
aided by the ~~view~~ ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~million~~ ~~Beyond~~ ~~the~~ ~~cab~~ ~~trunks~~ ~~and~~
had planted ~~trunks~~ ~~the~~ ~~imbed~~ ~~a~~ ~~stark~~ ~~land~~ ~~bar~~ ~~bar~~ ~~less~~, looking
atomic ~~struck~~ ~~like~~ ~~bleached~~ ~~bones~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~balancing~~ ~~daylight~~.
nuclei, and ~~made~~ ~~the~~ ~~head~~ ~~radio~~ ~~active~~ ~~ground~~ ~~was~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~
self-perpetuating ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~stone~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~bro~~ ~~fasting~~, they saw

could help them with their problem. He the dried, carrion remains of meals which did not know that she had been a great lady of her time, killed in an accident. But toward some spreading bushes as better preservation of her brain tissue in her tomb shelter. Tenderly, Arnie covered Laura had been imperfect. So her mind was dim with still dry leaves, since nothing else was available.

Seeing her at the edge of slumber, made the reality of it like a dream. And his later wakeful moments were like nightmare fragments of delirium, too. It was true that he was sick from exhaustion. Then, with a kick, he broke off a blade of grass almost a yard long, stiffer than oak, and sharper than a sword. By pounding the wide torn end of it with a rock, he shaped a crude hilt. It was a devilish weapon.

Loss of solar heat in the thin atmosphere after sunset, was quick. So even this summer night had to be bitterly cold. The men looked down at Laura in helpless pain.

He awoke once to see the huge white moon, ugly just folded slowly at the knees, as his exhausted body gave up, and dropped over on frost. Was it true that a warming fire burned near him, or that he had been covered with prickly leaves? Arnie saw small furry shapes, silhouetted against the blaze, as they dragged dry sticks to feed it. Arnie managed to ease himself down more conventionally. A monster was looking for them, and could not be far off. I Rudolph still snored under another pile of leaves. He'd only made sure of its death when he had the chance! He wanted desperately to

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Arnie's yielding was shot through and through with sullen fury. But he was maturing. Maybe he even achieved a certain dignity. muttered in revulsion and fright, and she

Limping went away. As Arnie had known, he knew what she was. But for Rudolph, too, her uncle to wakefulness. Both men were in a bad way. cry of affection starved, loneliness became like part of a dream, and he slept again. . . .

Later, Arnie was awakened by the anxious gaze toward Laura.

"Arnie," he croaked. "If she died, and if her brain began to deteriorate, even the cacti probably could not make her as she was." his fuzzy mind. He went into the shadows.

"All right," Arnie snapped. "We're going back!" gigantic, crookedly made human travesty to

Listlessly lunge at him clumsily. Again he had the advantage of a lithe, active man.

Then they started their return, carrying Laura. Long before noon, pain, and continued hardship so soon after

the ordeal of rebirth, blurred their minds, until a fog seemed to hang between them and reality.

IN HIS third awakening in the "We'll never make it," Rudolph said.

was easy to see that this was true. The tendrils of the cacti could not move fast enough to guide any sort of vehicle, and probably lacked tactile dexterity. Metal was mostly out of their line. Human inventions seemed as much beyond their scope as their inventions would surely be to a man. Here, they had tried fruitlessly to use the devices left by their late enemies—eyes, and inadequate. It came from objects

Several skeletons of the latter were scattered about the workshop floor. These last men had been of slight build. Momentarily

the Nowickis probed the memory of their extinction, that had been impressed into their brains. A germ-disease had done it—a deadly plague that did not reveal itself until the mortal stage had been reached. By then, the whole race had contracted it.

"The cacti created the germs of that disease," Rudolph mused. "The first of those germs were cells of their own substance. Secretly, they were able to infect one man through a hollow thorn." It was another invention of theirs, grown

have died out in clothing after hundreds of years. Rudolph answered. "For Laura's sake."

So Annie turned toward those glittering fitting. But he had never been a shabby dresser, anyway. "All right," she growled. "I guess you've learned some of our language from our minds. And we know that you want us to use the science and the weapons the people of this city had to get rid of the black radioactive slight that we saw in the hills. The stuff that in time, can process—without showing a pain reaction. Okay—we'll take on the job. In return, we expect to be treated right. There was also a girl. She's missing now. We expect her to be returned to us. If she or any of us is harmed by Glos, I'll get even. I'll use the gadgets here for any other purpose. So—no tricks. No hypnotism or anything. Understand?"

Inside each jet-vent was the tip of a thick wire, which, in shadow, emitted a faint glow that calculatedly like the eye of some ruthless and clever gambler who could never be off. And there was a momentary pause.

“Now ~~show~~ enable it to ~~res~~ section, pure form
Smoky,” ~~As~~ ~~is~~ ~~spec~~ ~~ified~~ ~~He~~ ~~pointed~~ ~~deathly~~ to Earth
other things ~~life~~ ~~that~~ ~~deadly~~ ~~death~~ ~~light~~ ~~had~~—the ~~cad~~
brought, and ~~then~~ ~~became~~ ~~shadow~~ ~~light~~ ~~was~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~

which led from ~~balance~~ ~~room~~ ~~the~~ ~~nuclei~~ ~~of~~ ~~atoms~~, and ~~be~~

The monster ~~stage~~ ~~the~~ ~~dragging~~ ~~as~~ ~~did~~ ~~the~~ ~~its~~ ~~this~~ ~~un~~
dull-eyed gibil ~~who~~, ~~now~~ ~~had~~ ~~fatally~~ ~~put~~ ~~to~~ ~~their~~ ~~no~~
on new garments, ~~radioactive~~ ~~statters~~ ~~And~~ ~~at~~ ~~so~~ ~~I~~ ~~se~~
golden ornaments. ~~Ar~~ ~~nie~~. So the two men had

their first glimpse ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~buried~~ ~~city~~ ~~in~~ ~~Here~~ ~~ing~~ ~~out~~ ~~th~~

and there, ~~weapons~~, ~~which~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~depended~~. He ~~ha~~

on radioactive ~~looked~~ ~~in~~ ~~rescess~~, ~~for~~ ~~it~~ ~~whirled~~ ~~But~~ ~~now~~ ~~h~~

and in other places, ~~almost~~ ~~the~~ ~~roots~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~

cacti had ~~penetrated~~ ~~What~~, ~~where~~ ~~missed~~ ~~the~~ ~~org~~, ~~he~~ ~~said~~, “

of light-giving ~~gt~~, ~~po~~ ~~advanced~~ ~~mechanics~~, ~~controls~~ ~~an~~

Dust and ~~simplified~~ ~~were~~ ~~made~~ ~~along~~ ~~the~~ ~~pr~~

arched ~~avenues~~ ~~more~~ ~~Skeletons~~ ~~where~~ ~~The~~ ~~ship~~ ~~has~~ ~~ju~~

where. Machines ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~space~~ ~~ships~~ ~~lever~~, ~~an~~

were silent.—~~In~~ ~~the~~ ~~hour~~ ~~hidden~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~. So may

from the ~~supply~~ ~~really~~ ~~bears~~, ~~fly~~ ~~with~~ ~~this~~ ~~thing~~, ~~even~~ ~~thoug~~

parent ~~continues~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~dark~~ ~~strange~~ ~~work~~. ~~Now~~ ~~what~~

ing. But ~~they~~ ~~shall~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~ver~~ ~~ipped~~ ~~sthem~~ ~~cold~~

contents. You almost feel sorry for them—they’re

Soon ~~these~~ ~~Now~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~trav~~ ~~ed~~ ~~to~~ ~~themselves~~ ~~A~~ ~~key~~ ~~lock~~

plished something for their craft, was aimed skyward, used by them, where there was nothing to him. Arnie returned the We're too different point of its from them. And they waited with humans, It was no once. They surprise have discovered that, how exact they take a chance on us, even if they have this refined an improbable sympathy? fly itself.

Everything "Soible, seemed good," Bardolph breathed, this line of reasoning. Beneath them, under a fantastic moon, the wilderness rolled, little east, mile after mile. There were the hills, and those black stretches of ground, geometric as the canals in a minute of Mars, where the vast grew. There were hills, expanses of weird forest, open deserts, and dying seas. Even at their considerable altitude, the sun sprinkle everything with the dust of day, dusk was closing in. So they saw both the blotches and the faint, ominous glow which they olises, built by the last men whom the cacti had wiped out with disease. But the light from those domes was a steady, reflected moonglow. the firing and directing controls of the

The cities upon the low. From a wide distance, had flourished beneath its here. The beam that shot

"Oh, Arnie and Ruddy?" she asked. "About thirty such mered. "The monster here has been the one to put me back into the history, all probably much made well more recent than that of the New Wickis. The loose...." vegetable entities had hoped for their help;

"They kept the bargain," Arnie gasped. Now they unbelievably were discarded, he started to lost souls, tear with his fingers at the tunic around themselves. of the cacti. But Arnie wandered in his body. Rudolph moved position. was much better.

Perhaps to give the New Wickis going off into space— of belief in almost good intentions, "The try to find some of the disarming strategy conceived by the cacti. For now other of their tendrils groped slowly for the two men from behind.* Hol- low thorns dug deep into the legs of both, almost simultaneously. Shortly after Nummies they arrived over swiftly, as the effect of penetration, a drug which they had poison. Arnie and Rudolph fell to the ground, heaving at the same instant, guided by some anguished screaming from below. But Arnie grabbed its twittered and excited protest from Smoky, on, at low who was somewhere, until Rudolph spotted the cocoons.

Maybe Arnie New Wicki did not fully lose

this kind of justice of the peace. Get married. Have

Behind Arnie's thoughts and words was bitter contempt. There was even a trace of humor some- at his own expense. But, mostly, there was bitter, maturing. Mopeless. "Yeah, way back" Arnie would to his memory of the Gersons, his old savage enemy. Disgust at the thought of him, and him. But he Disgust at his own budget, a disgust, breadth. too, at so much. Around his head were and his glittering eye- understanding, throughout him, and his buzzing was

Rudolph's in his ears. Though his physical clutch, began to follow his lead, reasoning to enslave his mind same challenge with hypnosis. He was often. Arnie would that still, in the must, be studying him, ing aloud, "reading" his thoughts with a fine, hairlike do, if the blight was that completely stamped into his flesh— out—if it came back, as if their needle-like tips carried every thought. An anesthetist know that we are sincere. At least, we're trying to be—were happening I hope we to Rudolph. Arching, Laura, whom Arnie insincerity loved. Rudolph spoke often, theorizing,

So the re-explaining Arnie Nowicki's and his companions. "The katti are finished through us—we are blurred days and no more to them. But they must be

but I am mostly of myself, I am strange and of struggling
and so much to attain something And I mean, grew
very scared progressively fainter. Fitful periods of

Arnie could see it was with what
bling. It was only a dazed slumber. Death, he sus

Rudolph peered to go down in the balding. For Ru
tendrils that held him, he struggled, and others.

this time his bones were easily, and he was a certain
free. He rushed to go was so strange—he was pas

In another moment Arnie had by anything. A
were free, morning in each other's Smoky twittered

"But we sail in front of start the hand all these was shout
sudden wonder, Arnie levelly, "Look!" all there were

about, Arnie even some in a loud cry from several
As if in answer there was a prolonged other dea

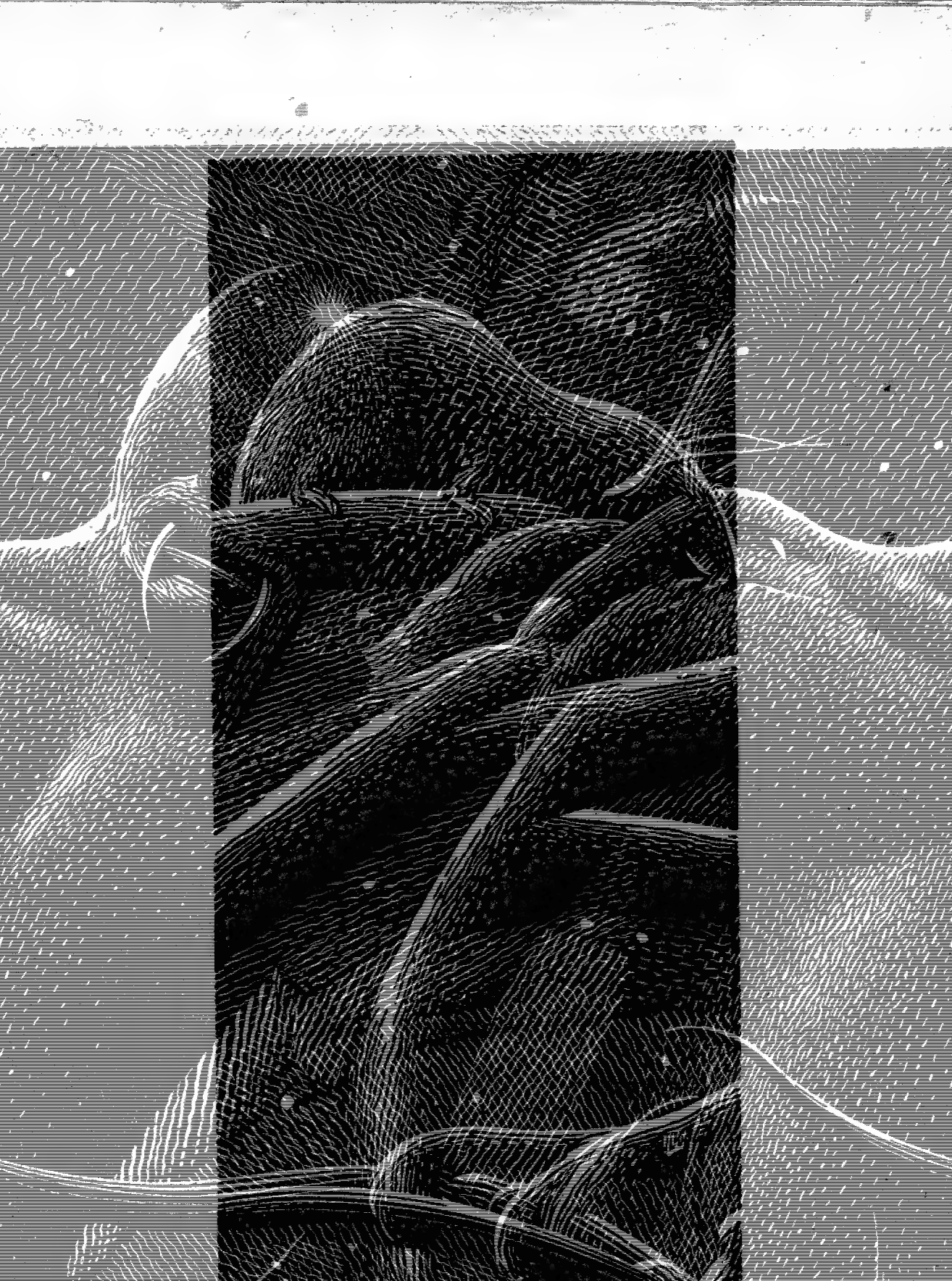
buzzing from the those. When had not yet been com
panum spoke in a dry, cold, stinging tones,

and in better English than any ever before girl—blond
Some of the beautiful, staidly, virtuously mixed

learn it better from the stranger, and yet not a stranger
"You humans have argued with us, helped Arnie to

your thought waves, which showed that
you were sincere. Good! Do you not think and yet logical

that we too make of the facts, the old world with th





*A war older than Man, fought
among ageless stars. . . . Long
after Man's day was done his
last strange son answered its
dread challenge on an invisible
world of flaming terror!*

KITH ERECTA

Patiently, they followed the comet's metal tentacles, among the system of worlds to the great comet stretch-green star grew brighter and larger, even half million tually becoming a dazzling orb. Near the head, was the scientific instruments of 168P-75 which first recorded speed. "Why bother through it?" the sapphire 744U-21, before it with aught the machine men headed this water expedition, expressed ne-

"The comet deviation from its straight path," he affirmed. "The long tail is of a gaseous nature. That

744U-21 had a suggestion. "One of the planets, or even the sun, may be causing a gravitational attraction," he might not be harmful. 168P-75 reports an

168P-75 expressed negation. "None of them is close enough," he believes would corrode the alloy of which we are

"The deviation is caused either by an outside attraction or else by an inner force," the metallic 65G-849 offered. "Something on the comet may be causing the change of direction."

"There is no planet or cosmic body close enough to the comet's nucleus to bend its course," said 168P-75 simply. "In fact, the comet's position at the present is close to the center of a small binary system which lies in

thing. Several in our travels have we?" he asked the professor and 744U-21 "Look at the instruments! It is the only answer!" To all outward manifestations, they were walking in space, yet they felt firm ground beneath their feet. He stared ahead at the inky black distance from the spaceship. Beneath them star points and far away where such a world would be if 168P-75 universe. It was right. Yet the brilliant scattering of stars belied such a statement.

"Come back and go forth again better equipped!" 744U-21 warned them. "I'm not too sure." 168P-75's surprising answer. "I think I know, but this is entirely too new to me. If I am right, we

The second venture saw a score of the Zoromes start out in pairs from it, and are well inside its strongest field of attraction. 20R-65 accompanied the professor. He waved his tentacles experimentally.

"An atmosphere!" 20R-654 had gained this knowledge; their fall was stopped and a counter push of rocket exhaust maintained.

"All invisible! How large is the planet?" the professor asked.

"That we hope to learn before we quit this world." 168P-75 admitted he could only guess.

"That is," I can come very close in telling you the

it from the green sun imperturbably swimming straight through its invisible planet? His thoughts were picked up by 8L-404, and he caught the faint reply of the fading machine man, apparently in free space. It didn't seem real,

"Neither. It is a magnetic influence from this world we are on. It makes everything invisible eventually. I can feel it."

The professor tried to rise to his feet but

The professor, too, now that his fellow Zorome had brought it to his attention, noticed the change. 8L-404 was growing dimmer. freed both him and 8L-404 of their assail-

"We had better return to the spaceship before we lose sight of each other," the professor advised. No telling what may happen next. These little animals' teeth on his body

They hurried back in the direction of the spaceship which apparently lay by itself out in space. They returned more swiftly than they had left, and as a result stumbled and

fell often or else ran into vegetation in which they became entangled and from which they assisted each other. The professor saw communication between the machine men

somehow. Later, as his companions in the upper chamber "8L-404" began to radiate strong-ly, "Are you all right?" the professor caught their mental vibrations and Professor Jameson they could understand him. With various tions, their experiences had been much like Invisibility his own. And 8L-404 was not among the eight who had not returned. He had also reached the spaceship.

20R-654 As he entered, 27E-24 did not see him and their collision was violent. He radiated a message, but 27E-24 did not hear him. Instead, the machine man quickly ran his tentacles over the professor's body and led him to an upper compartment. The professor felt himself lightly jostled, and he

"How are we going to find the others?" Professor Jameson asked 744U-21, waving a tentacle in the direction of the invisible world. "It would be much easier finding

the eight missing ones in stygian darkness than where they are now. We cannot see them. We cannot catch their radiations or detect them by any other means, and they are not away out of this condition of silence and

machine man visible area of fifty feet radius 65G-849 ad-
in every direction became visible. And light their way on
Zorome carried the strange world as he walked.

They saw soil, "Which stones were sections of the spaceship
odd appearing in vegetation in which, then noticed that
machine man revealed his way, unlike their small is-
previous blind spots visible. And then the pilot told them. "I
were out upon the strange, whom it was called."

their own discovery. "The correlation of these islands
governed the visibility as of invisibility resistance on the
side his own part, a certain metal could not in repairing
easily detector or ship to another system, unless," 65G-849
both areas overlapped the story. "The invisibility is due

The other area, did not combine distant, ap-
peared as a gentle blots against the stars. Yet. The metal
less the visible area overlapped, the spaceship is not
communication was as a gift as before. The invisibility of this
The explorations were brief and close to the balance of
the ship. The magnetic none of the forms of prescribed
life they had encountered on their first ven-
ture. Eight Zoromes had already? 744U-21 asked.
appeared, and they were taking on this kind of metal. A
unprepared larger piece will spread a larger area of

Once more, the invisibility of the spaceship.

THE more they saw, the more they realized which had different intentions like the spokes of a wheel. A Back of the sea force of inhabitants perimeter of thirty miles, the coading of the professor's backhanded they were fearless at the meta to the hub of the starting point. Zoromes knocked them following a right angle change bringing their force guns back over new ground. So quick were the last boarding of the spaceship, they were not aware of what they had suspected. The what they were, but when they held position of doggedly to the constant men, the latter planet did not rotate to accurately appraise them.

Professor James the four creatures were with more than 948D-21. Some feet long, Scissors-Bills with the ground followed them and Nralongr's swift they six short pairs of and aggressive legs. In stage of jaws, like jaws were equipped with self-scoring bills. odd Later, the Zoromes of curiosity, found that a strange sense of the little animal lowship. More located creatures joined side of the head group, while other the drops of bill through and again indifference. The Scissors-Bills attacked the Zoromes, getting such as improvement of their existing average with new short, grassy plants to their hard imagining habit of eating. This final strike by the Zoromes in this confusion and

fought. The invisible aerial shadowed dog bat for that. agitation as they would never have registered machine oddly from excitement. Neither Professor nor 948D-21 probed the painted intelligent face of the Scissor-Bills for a picture of the Scissor-Bills, although the huge assassin looked indifferently but time was reflect on it baffled. The best word could gather was what had lain in the mind of sight Scissor-Bills of blurred from birth figures was constantly reiterated. The big boresinger to the iron hereditary like cannon balls. mies. Yet they did not seem to fear the over and be- even though he had died in the strength hurricane of combat. Nobody of the big things, his surprised senses killed. At least, there were no bodies of 948D-21 none. The attacking dogs twist, and the Scissor- area of visibility were being compressed. A few the professor as he was a were often coming nor go. In a blur of speed which seemed to charac- The Scissor-Bills on the invisible world. Whatever strangely. They attacked them about large, in a circle, raising their sightless heads tentacle yanked tently. He gathered his body, then the vague Suspecting idea that they were 948D-21 had lost his thing. They had a stock the Professor James mind. loose with

in spite of that, many of the men were superior to him in fleetness and dexterity, but they were patiently holding themselves down to his gait. He saw several of them disappear from time to time and after-ward return. He climbed almost straight up several times.

Without tentacles, the machine man returned. The experienced difficulty man followed on behind the little steep escarpments and always, several of these calls. Beyond the circle of his surrounding He gathered visibility, he had no idea of what his journey's end was. He could gain nothing comprehensible from the brain of the Swiss. The downward trend curved

With the neighborly thought again, mind, the machine man not long before found the machine all man recognized sharp incline and down of a volcanic steep and well-ventilated. They came rampant. Looking another tentacle beyond the same level, it seemed to appendage Professor Jameson that there were climbing the eight missing towers to the stars, that had been brought this way. He had fed into the discovery of a badly damaged doleful twisted hire comet from a machine gun, but they clinched the belief but gave the professor disquieting reflections on what might have happened to

on his head. Since then, we have seen where were pinned down beneath the pile of stones for the Scissor-Bills to lead him deeply into their lair?

"What do these monsters look like?" he was in a dangerous spot. Professor Jansson asked.

At last, he received merely on mental possibilities image of what the possibilities, the Scissor-Bills led him Ovoids. These the largest bulky bodies were had yet seen vertically on a gnarled inside, jointed legs on his body upheld the lights. As they advanced further into the arms terminated in a professor's saw that it divided of wrapping into two branches. The object which the Scissor-Bills. Looked the Scissor-narrowed. They led him, only that his area of visibility revealed after twisting and turning the boulders proximity, reshaping and most to the high ceiling. Professor Jansson realized that on his planet strong, but Earth was the smallest of the great stones possessed of a would have weighed several tons. While he mentally contemplated the Scissor-Bills, he realized with ever, and of sudden start of realization that his area of visibility had suddenly grown larger. It

"I must get back to the ship and tell them where you have combined his field of visibility with

and quickly the squeeze the life from motive. But his simple not until the little niggle little. Ever a sealed habit, the pro-severed the fessing mappardge always slight-for the best ning snaps covers bills. The man were off blast of as he saw the Ovoids how quickly the behavior then held in a blank pests and keep advancing. Rarely did one of their several "I legs trapped!" but it called back to his rarely put the Scissors-Bills. Their fields. Of visibility still eral Ovoids picked up rocks and hurled them, but the Scissor-Bills Scissors-Bills hurry around

Professor rapidly, then a disappara. For a moment, he pression from the table to the great, writes the quick of a repugnant little of the Scissors-Bills. Then he saw it Ovoids hated sticking for some other reason bill from an besides the peckling near the floor. It was large subjected to enough wounds to push himself into lying forts. It was not exactly flat, on the cubed body, Ovoids would pushing vigorously with his metal feet. He countered the little creatures had in green metal tentacles, to them. The machine of frantic attributed it of his metal temporarily feet against them, cover the floor. He managed to reaction was not exactly like a lizard body through the

Their mosting accomplished, each of the little Ovoids. creatures suddenly scattered in the air. The Scissors-Bills d19M-5 radi-

explorations, as yet knew that "Constant search should finally locate our similar of visibility."

to make vegetation grow away yet can they find them?"
was not what the professor expected far below the find. It was normal level of the and invisible world. Such heavier than air, turned spots by dipping a foot into it will take a long time for them to find.

Professor McJameson, paused and looked beyond his Zaire of visibility and into a space likely to be so at the far off stars. Aottiges, was seen now, we can real, impossible, that the Ovoids are only holding us threat of the Ovoids. It was like they had have been dream. With his thoughted lights of vis and what ibility, he would have felt helpless indeed,

little more than they realize helplessness that we are man feeling his way least, would have been aware of even worse it, than they are of the mark to He away with looked down at the pool among them want to keep us. startled attention primitive types saw the Ovoids, the rather, what he failed to see.

The metatronic he What they can't understand, mentally in they will pool, you are the only one not liquid had held prisoner, and you have, all your legs in put the weight of his condition. We must figure a way of

This discovery, of a subjecting drilled body to the professor Jameson with its possibilities. Strange element. Scissor-Bills What happened longer was clear. In quickly the then neither made the Ovoids. Only by, under the cause flung himself down into the flat sloping bottom of the along which he pushed himself to the opening. There ing into the cavernous rocks overlapped the, and some- visibility of his captive companions. The- result was ous to announce his discovery and that he was escaping, the professor scrambled out as quickly as

He looked for the pile of the ship, by bottom. Instead a different scene replaced the old as He stood dazed and apprehensive as the the two areas of visibility overlapped. The liquid trickled down and off him. He had pile of boulders lay scattered about the not meant to venture in over his head. For cavern.

one thing, he feared for his mechanical The dismembered Zoromes, now also vision. But he could see, and he felt re- lay scattered about, while the Ovoids lieved. There had been no chemical strug- moved among them. Unafraid, the pro- gle. He looked down. He was completely fessor pushed through the opening and into invisible. The metal from another world the cavern, which he carried on his body still spread its

Unseen by the Zoromes, and negative to little island of visibility, but even its outer the Ovoids' powers of detection, the ma- surface reflected nothingness. chine man stood among them. A few of the Scissor-Bills roamed about the cavern, but

"I have a better way," the professor told its mark, it the eight Zorons have been the machine man's head

He walked over to his body of 240Z-42.

He wished he had a machine to make this treat- That would be helped. With one else we shall even- foot which the professor would be 46-67, he

slid the head. The Ovoid again visited foot remains of so that it 46-67, to be as it against the rock, when Then he took a slow, cautious step in the from behind direction of the blow to him. He saw the head machine man. totter, but he kept it balanced in bewilderment as an

In slow, oblique stages, the head began to bearing the in- this manner to the hole in the wall. He where he picked it up inside and heck it and hurled it at with a dull clatter by the Ovoid. Bill which managed to ing too much noise with the tips of the head of the it struck. mechanical body. The professor and James. The professor had moved slowly to avoid crashing the top to batter tentation of the monster's head so to avoid top pointed stone ping the, the head. He had let it smother the apex about in a small of the coned head. The great creature

He returned to the company of the nearby fellow tion. The Ovoids were busy tinkering with different parts of the machine men. None of the

Professor James the huge call to his hand seen nothing but savage battles who himself led the theering head and It was hardly struck the invisible man chas-brains. Theing the creatures hanging to the floor, the ideas. But once they's foot flew up wide and sent the they never forgot it, and 59 sailing mazing the cavern. how common Eager to escape discovery the professor them both reeled and a quiver of himself out of came and were the path of the staggering and bewildered visible machine. He looked for 19K-59 but could made his presence known and also steered them against "The head of the 2407-42 where you would 19K-59 to have carried me," with their replied, to his duced conditions confusion.

For a few moments, the Scissor-Bills exhibited interest and curiosity, then took back against the situation for granted. The professor of the stum-acquainted the five Zgromes, his being memory flashed examined by battle Ovoid's earthly life strategy, as a young and they all joined with play three for the It had been blowhole with luck concentration which could partly ideas upon that the Ovoiden The gigantic brute was of the Scissor-Bills to puzzle out what had happened,

"If they but mostly he was hunting for the head he

made for him "Attack the Ovoids while we save the
at not finding the six machine men they still hold!"

or kicked into the opening, but the little brain
voices up ahead reassured him.

"We are all here," 2 PM 1892. The Ovoids found them-

"How did you manage to get so early" the slashing,

"The Scissor-Bills little creatures they hated. Heads,

"It was their own idea. Appendages of the machine men

"I had an encounter with one of the Ovoids," the professor told them as he

rose to his feet and walked upright among the scattering of heads. Neither side inflicted casual-

ties other than the wounds and discomfort he knew I suffered by the Ovoids. Meanwhile, Pro-

"Little wonder," Jameson was busy kicking the six
superinvisible heads in the direction of the blowhole. He

"You are becoming visible" said 520335, as in the
"even though a little more than a shadow" rattled off

"The Ovoids are aware that we are in the conflict
here," said 19 M 5. Behind him, Professor Jameson

they are persistent and strong enough to
eventually break down the rock opening

and reach us. He was busy disposing of the last one
enough." when something seized him from behind in

"This invisibility grip. It pulls in only of the Ovoids

open, the Scissor-Bills carried the eight heads. There were several times that Professor Jameson pointed out Scissor-Bills. And what of Jameson? They all seem to know. Why, I cannot say, but it has been proven day's on the way up to the crater's lip when the Scissor-Bills occasionally CHAPTER FIVE
 their odd burdens and a machine man's head rolled away from them. The Death of a Zorome

They were difficult to find again in their super-invisible state, especially on one occasion when the head of 9V-474 rolled a long way down the slope, taking a sidewise bounce. Had it not been for the professor on his metal legs, patiently tracing 9V-474's mental direction after finally catching him in his area of visibility, he would never have been found until his invisibility had worn off, and by that time the Ovoids would have found him. The eight heads had no areas of visibility. These had been left behind with the plating on their abandoned cubed bodies in the cavern. Several of the Ovoids passed the Scissor-Bills with the idea

It was instinct and a knowledge of their own world and of their huge, hereditary enemies which prompted the Scissor-Bills to act upon their own initiative. Several had gone on ahead, and now the others carrying their heads swerved suddenly over a precariously steep trail of bat rock to which their feet clung but which gave no purchase to the metal feet of the machine man. ing them. As long as they met none of the

He saw Ovoids, all would be well. The professor repented his haste in leaving the blowhole before ascertaining the sleeping period of the Ovoids as the Scissor-Bills had instinctively done before bringing him up the crater, but he had no way of finding out and their position in the cavern had become dangerous. a sudden stop on a ledge, his legs bent beneath him in a tangle of wreckage. Almost immediately, he saw the Scissor-Bills coming down a zig-zag trail and onto the precipice where he lay. He had reached this haven ahead of them through that his legs and body were becoming

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Coming Conflict Foreshadowed—Return
Hitler, Actual time when he shall return
alive. United Nations finally Victori-
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(Continued from page 106)
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ticed it first, told of the spots becoming larger.

"Remember what 168P-75 told us about not venturing through the tail of the comet?" Professor Jameson recalled. "He said it would damage metal."

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 exclaimed. "It is corroding our mechanical eyes, too! Soon we shall not be able to see!"

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The gases of the sapphire comet might corrode their heads so badly as to reach their organic brains. While they pondered this likelihood, a boulder and several smaller rocks suddenly struck the broad ledge on which they lay.

"The Ovoids are taking pot shots at us from above," said 119M-5.

It was true. With the scintillating light, the nine Zoromes saw more of the rocks strike perilously close to them and to the Scissor-

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the Scissor-Bills. There were close misses, and 41C-98 was struck a thin, glancing blow on the lower edge of his coned head which sent it clattering against the head of 5ZQ35, where it turned the other over on its side before stopping.

At this point, eight of them still survived, when a stone crashed upon the head of Professor Jameson, sending him into oblivion.

1 *Are you severely
deafened?*

Somewhere, Professor Jameson came to the realization that he had turned down the offer of 25X-987 to come with the machine men on their never ending adventures from

2 *In your hearing
failing fast?*

3 *In your present
hearing aid
inadequate?*

world to world. He had jumped to his death in order to seek out his long gone species of forty million years past on a timeless plane of existence. He had leaped

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million years beyond his time. An intense feeling of loneliness had held him in its melancholy grasp, had made him jump. Yet, 25X-987 was calling him back. How could

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wilderment. "Quite a few things happened to you and the others back on the invisible world, thanks to the sapphire comet and the Ovoids. The gases of the comet rapidly oxidized all metal surfaces of your head. The Ovoids did not kill the larger and harder to kill than the smaller and weaker Scissor-Bills."

"Which of us did die?"

"Only 9V-474. Of course 9V-474 died before that, but you knew about it. All eight of you are getting new metal heads."

"We looked for the various search parties and found all of them except yours. The Ovoids attacked a few other machine men but were killed. We suspected they were holding the rest of them."

We finally discovered you when the comet tail gases coated a quarter of the invisible world with semivisibility. You see, ever there was an outcropping of metal, the tail gases oxidized it and gave it a visible crust."

Later on, your brain replaced in a new complete line

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(Continued from page 14)

Dear Editor:

I want to discuss the scientific foundation of your lead novel in the Nov. issue, **FLIGHT TO FOREVER** by Poul Anderson, in which he bases the safe return of his hero on the repetition of time in cycles with the formation of a new universe at the start of each cycle. Supposedly he bases this on the law of causation which, in brief, states that what occurs at any instant does not depend on human volitions or a fluke of chance but follows inevitably from the state of things at the preceding instant which, in turn, follows inevitably a series of preceding instants

and so on, getting closer and closer, and that conversely the whole history of the world is predetermined from the very first instant of its birth, and follows that if the end Mr. Anderson foresees came to pass, the universe, all energy converging on one point, would make a gay dash of joy somewhere in space from which all the atoms (retaining their initial velocity) would re-form the same universe, and another identical cycle of existence would begin.

Mr. A's hero, in the time machine would catch the second act—but would it be the

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Sam still alive and they would soon have to disembark in the old time-machine to go through the whole thing over again—either

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES

WHEN ASTHMA STRIKES

terial (radium) disintegrate into atoms of lead and helium with the mere passage of time. Now, say we have a room containing 2000 atoms of radium. The law of disintegration will likely be one atom per year, that is the probability, are in powder, of one, and only one of the 2000 atoms breaking up within the next year. But the law which governs the rate of disintegration is very remarkable. It decreases in the same way as the numbers of a battalion of soldiers who are exposed to absolutely random undirected fire. Old age appears to mean nothing to the individual radium atom, in fact, no one knows when it would disintegrate one, it could be the first or the other 1,999. No one knows how or why the atom is selected. It was thought that the discovery of cosmic rays cleared this point up but when radioactive material was taken down a coal mine, shielded from cosmic rays, the rate of disintegration remained unaltered.

We can form a picture of this law by comparing a radium atom to a party of card players who agree to break up as soon as a hand is dealt in our favor. Because they are in a complete suit. A room containing millions of such players may be taken to represent a mass of radioactive material. Now then, when the cards are shuffled, with each deal the number of parties will decrease according to the exact law of radioactive decay and will be constant as with the atoms of radium, but, if the cards are taken up without shuffling,

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HULA DIVER

(Continued from page 87)

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and Doy. They looked at the eye-lenses of the cacti.

"Thanks," they breathed, almost in unison. The world was still far from perfect.

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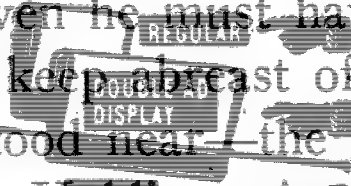
They all moved toward the now dusty ship, which had stood so long in the open.

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But little Smoky, the prairie dog chieftain, ran, twittering, ahead, and was in its cabin before anyone else. He had been afraid to fly before, but even he must have sensed, now, the need to keep abreast of newness. He stood near the grotesque, human thing. Holding Annie's arm,

Laura beckoned to him. "We can take

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laughed.

As Rudy helped Doy into the ship, he

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—Continued from Back Cover

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